JAZZ MONTHLY

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THE JAZZ SCENE

PART 2

ALBERT McCARTHY

THE HIGHPOINT, for quantity, of jazz releases in Britain was reached in the years from the middle 'fifties to the late 'sixties, when the monthly issue of LPs over the year averaged above thirty. The highest number of jazz LPs in any one month that I have noted is seventy-four for September 1965, followed incidentally by fifty-eight in October and fifty-nine in November. 1957 seems to have been another peak year, with releases of fifty-four (February), forty-four (April), fifty-seven (July), fifty-nine (November) and forty-nine (December) stacking up a total of two hundred and sixty-three LPs in five months, but as late as 1969 there were two months with over forty LPs released and one with over fifty. The abrupt cessation of the volume of jazz releases certainly stems from the beginning of the current year, the average for the months April to August being roughly fifteen LPs, including blues items at present enjoying something of a boom, and a proportion of imports. If one removes the blues LPs the average for these five months of jazz LPs alone is fractionally under nine, and this includes fringe items by such artists as Herbie Mann and John Stevens.

It is worth making it absolutely clear from the beginning that the extraordinarily high number of jazz issues that appeared in the period from about 1950 through to 1969, embracing two decades in all, were out of all proportion to any economic returns that the issuing companies gained as a result. It is a puzzle to me why companies released jazz LPs for the whole of this period in such astonishing quantities, even allowing for such matters as contractual obligations and the minority of artists who could guarantee worthwhile returns. I suspect that many record companies did so more from habit than conviction, and that the revolution in the pop field was initially not fully comprehended by some at least of the record executives. If one applies the most generous assessment to the size of the jazz audience it still seems clear that the market was being flooded to an extent that a high percentage of the issues would lose money, quite apart from any questions pertaining to the quality of the items being marketed.

The position was realised more swiftly in the U.S.A. than in Europe, leading a-and-r men to commence the recording of 'jazz-pop' LPs that assumedly must attain worthwhile sales in that country though in Europe they have seldom been worth issuing. What the a-and-r men overlook is that pop music and jazz are no longer closely linked and that pop fans in general are simply disinterested in jazz, while the jazz audience that remains prefer their jazz straight. Apart from this, most of the pop-jazz LPs have merely succeeded in presenting the worst of both worlds. In the last few months even these items have dwindled, for which no one is likely to feel any great regret, and it is probably true to say that more straightforward jazz LPs are being recorded in Europe than in the U.S. At a time for example, when in view of the ever dwindling ranks of the middle period musicians it seems essential to record as many of those who are still playing well as is possible, it is literally years since all but a few have seen the inside of a recording studio in their own country, the few comparatively recent LPs by them having been made in France, Germany or this country. When one considers the structure of the recording industry at present the future for new jazz LPs is not hopeful.

During the past two decades the recording industry has grown at a remarkable rate, the chief cause undoubtedly being the success of the microgroove record. Records are now big business in the strict sense of the term, with sums of money to be made that would have staggered most of the pre-war executives. The big money however, is to be made almost solely in the pop field, with the inevitable result that most of the resources of the record companies are understandably devoted to this area of music. Expenses for the record companies are soaring, for not only do they face the general economic situation of rising wages and cost of materials, they also have a built-in system of wastage in the pop field, most of all with singles. On average sixty to seventy singles are issued in this country weekly, of which about eighty percent are dead from the day of issue — a wastage percentage that would be considered ruinous in any other industry. The artists in the pop field that command huge sales figures are very conscious of their economic worth to the companies, with the corollary that they are demanding and receiving astronomical fees. In addition the whole trend in pop LPs is towards very expensive packaging, with multi-coloured lavish folders becoming the norm, so that again production costs are ever rising. The most serious result of all this is that the overheads of the record companies are becoming so considerable that the break even figure for LPs — that is the point at which the LP starts to cover all the production costs and commences to make a profit — is rising to a point that endangers all minority issues. I have mentioned to several record company executives my suspicion that the economic structure of the industry is becoming such as to make the major companies the least suitable for issuing jazz LPs, and one or two at least have privately agreed with this viewpoint. There are, of course, a good many jazz LPs that will show a modest profit over a period of a few years, but with accountants having a greater say every year in the running of the companies, few releases are allowed to remain in the catalogue once regular sales drop below a certain figure. Thus, the CBS Realm items mentioned on another page, and the excellent Mercury LPs compiled by Alun Morgan from the Keynote label, all of which have only been in catalogue for a year and which can be expected to sell modestly but steadily for a lengthy period, are already deleted. Only Decca in this country seems prepared to keep most items in catalogue for long periods, and elsewhere we can assume that rapid

deletion of slow selling items will become standard whatever musical worth they might have.

A few months ago a proprietor of a small company told me he could make a profit on a jazz or blues reissue LP with a sale of 500 copies, in contrast to the break even figure of 1500 quoted to me by a friend in a major company. It is unfortunate that record companies are so reluctant to give sales figures, but apart from the minority of jazz figures with a following that embraces a fringe audience, there are very few who can, in this country, be sure of an LP sale of 1500. The jazz LPs that nowadays do sell reasonably well are certain to be reissues — five thousand LP sellers include one of the Coleman Hawkins Fontana issues, plus a couple of a major reissue series that is currently active. Sales of LPs by contemporary performers such as Albert Ayler, Archie Shepp and Pharoah Sanders would be unlikely to reach the 500 mark, as indeed would many by prominent artists of other stylistic persuasions. I am well aware that with jazz issues usually handled by the pop division of the companies serious promotion of them is unlikely, for jazz has the added disadvantage of occupying a sort of musical no-mans-land, having neither the commercial attractions of pop or the prestige aspects of classical repertoire for company executives. It is not really surprising that when the sales of jazz LPs are compared with those of pop items, accountants draw their own conclusions.

IN THE FOREGOING paragraphs I have outlined some of the factors that make it unlikely that we shall see any significant increase in new jazz recordings in the immediate future, though it should be noted that C.B.S. and Decca in this country have shown an enlightened policy in recording some at least of the leading British musicians and bands. When one turns to the reissue field a very different picture emerges, for here there is considerable activity that is not likely to abate, though how much of this we owe to company policy and how much to the dedicated activity of individuals such as Chris Ellis (E.M.I.), David Howells (C.B.S.) and Geoff Milne (Decca) is a moot point. There is, in addition, the massive activity of the pirate labels, suggesting that the reissue field is one that has by no means yet reached saturation point.

This brings me to the point that I touched upon in my final paragraph last month, and one that has been dealt with by Mr.Salmon in a letter in this issue — what is the size and nature of the contemporary jazz audience? Despite the crisis state in which live jazz finds itself, with the inevitable implications of fast dwindling audiences, I do not think that the numerical position is quite as drastic as might be assumed. What I think we have are two distinct jazz audiences, one apparently limited that supports live jazz, the other still quite numerous that buys records, but mainly reissue records. This latter audience does exhibit some of the tendencies ascribed to it by Mr. Salmon in his letter, and it is certainly a passive one, but its faults, if faults they be, may be as much the result of the type of music that can now be heard in most clubs as of inherent laziness, though additionally it must be said that as this audience tends more and more towards middle age it is likely to become increasingly critical of the lack of comforts in the average jazz club.

It is commonplace for critics to bemoan the conservatism of the jazz audience, sometimes with justice, but the basic fact remains that one cannot make somebody like a form of jazz that he finds displeasing or ugly. It is equally certain that a high percentage of jazz followers, of all stylistic persuasions from traditionalists to bop admirers, have rejected avant-garde jazz, and have turned solely to record listening as a result. Unfortunately once the habit of attending live jazz wanes there is the danger that it will not be regained, even when musicians whom one admires on record are playing at clubs or at concerts. This is a very real danger and one that spells added disaster for jazz as a performers music. During the past couple of years many jazz followers who were once frequent attenders of live performances have told me that they are concerned only with records, and specifically with reissues. When questioned further, they invariably say that it is their disillusionment with contemporary jazz that has led them to this position. I am not concerned with the rightness or wrongness of such an attitude, only with its existence. It is, of course, easy to outline this situation, less easy to suggest a solution, if indeed there is one. To summarise: although sales of jazz records are minimal by comparison to pop items, the steady movement of reissue LPs suggests that there is still a sizeable audience for the music. It is also clear that in the main this audience follows styles of jazz that are no longer well represented on new records or live performances. There is also a smaller audience that supports live jazz at present, the implication given to me by friends who are in contact with it being that it is not much addicted to record buying or any great interest in the historical aspects of jazz. What is most serious is that the influx of new jazz followers seems remarkably limited in comparison with the past, a factor that bodes ill for the future of the music. However, there may be a cyclical factor in the whole situation, in which case we may witness an upsurge of interest in the near future as some optimistic observers of the scene have forecast. That there is a state of crisis in jazz at present seems undeniable to this writer, and it is a crisis that is reflected in fringe activities. I will, in a final short piece next month, deal with the position of the jazz magazine, but for now will close with a brief comment on record clubs.

3. RECORD CLUBS

IT WOULD SEEM likely, in view of the fact that jazz followers are becoming increasingly record oriented, that with their modest overheads record clubs would be able to survive the present crisis without too much difficulty. However, a letter from Mr. Michael Coates of the Glasgow Jazz Record Appreciation Society suggests otherwise, and I now quote him directly:—

"This decline in jazz appreciation has seriously affected membership of G.J.R.A.S. to the point that if falling attendances and membership throughout the 1970/1 season continue, then in all probability, the society will be forced to wind up. After some forty years of association with jazz in the area, particularly that on record, this I feel would be a great loss; especially as a medium for promoting the enjoyment and appreciation of all types of recorded jazz.

"It may be that the old rhythm club concept of recitals is so outdated as to appear farcical to today's average enthusiast, although it is very difficult to see what alternative ways of presentation would be more acceptable. Alternatively the old chestnut which bedevilled rhythm clubs in the late forties and fifties — traditional/modern—has now taken on an even more intolerant guise — that of avant-garde v.the rest — and enthusiasts of one persuasion or the other are less prepared to hear the other fellow's point of view."

The G.J.R.A.S. started as the Glasgow Rhythm Club in 1933 and is the oldest society of its kind in Britain with a continuity of close on four decades. If Mr. Coates's experience is general in the record society movement it seems that a large segment of today's jazz audience has indeed retired to a sort of ivory tower, with home listening considered the totality of the jazz experience. The rhythm clubs played an important role in the ' thirties in the building up of a jazz audience in this country. Maybe listening to jazz records, once in part a social activity to be enjoyed with fellow enthusiasts, is now becoming the preserve of hermits!

RED RODNEY ON RECORD / MICHAEL JAMES

IN VIEW OF THE chaotic existence he led for most of the 'fifties and 'sixties, it is hardly surprising that many of us lost sight of Red Rodney during those two decades. Recorded with reasonable frequency between 1945 and 1951, he became a rare visitor to the studios thereafter. Even during the peak years of audience receptiveness, say from 1956 to 1961, his personal problems ensured that his style gained little exposure on disc, and during the last decade he has been largely if not totally inactive as a jazz performer. These factors, compounded by the evident difficulty of tracking down the few albums he did record, make it rather hard to gauge the real measure of his contribution to the music of his time and place. This brief essay is intended as a gesture in that direction, a stab, if you prefer it, at a particularly elusive target.

LIKE OTHER players of his age-group who were destined to achieve fame as improvisers, Rodney had a thorough grounding as a sideman in the large orchestras of the period, but, possibly because his style, at least in broad outline, was formed by 1947, he was always an extrovert, seemingly untouched by the allurements of the cool stance adopted by so many white stylists towards the close of that decade. That the much maligned HarryJames wasan early model is confirmed by his sixteen bars in Gene Krupa's *Chiquita banana,* done on May 6th, 1946; but an even earlier track, Jimmy Dorsey's *Oh! what a beautiful morning,* which dates from July 20th, 1944, suggests that Berigan and Eldridge may also have played their parts in his early formation. Soon, however, he was presenting himself unashamedly as an exponent of the new bop aesthetic. "That waltz is a drag", he exclaims, following a cod vocal by Buddy Stewart in the Krupa band's *It's just a matter of opinion,* "smothers me — I'm on a Dizzy kick": and his ensuing break backs up the declaration. A point that should not be overlooked in running through this catalogue of influences on the young trumpeter is that it was a tribute to the instrumental command he had already acquired that he was able to encompass the characteristic methods of the established players who have been named. Only a brass player possessed of unusual skill could have done so, and at a mere eighteen years of age the feat was, if not unique, at least impressive. Further sessions in a small-group context soon confirmed his affilitation to the Gillespie banner. The first of these, held on November 23rd, 1946 has a period cast about it, chiefly because of the bop vocals by Dave Lambert and Buddy Stewart. The outstanding player on the date was Al Haig, whose maturity as an improviser was as evident as the polished elegance of his keyboard constructions, but Rodney turns in some arresting if uneven work. *Charge account* finds him staying close to the theme in his solo and rhythmically he sounds rather conservative; *Gussie G,* on the other hand, emphasizes his fluency in the new idiom. Another session held early the following year, on January 29th to be precise, again stresses the influence Gillespie was exerting over him, with Fats Navarro's example also making itself felt in his solos in *All God's chillun* and *Fine and dandy.* Serge Chaloff's baritone is a substantial asset, as indeed it was on two further recording dates at which Rodney was present during this early phase of his career. In *Pumpernickel,* one can sense Rodney's individuality really beginning to emerge in his sixteen-bar solo, whilst *Serge's urge* and *Gabardine and serge* have blistering, bounding choruses from him, vibrant with the elation of a young player now confident of his path. The later of the two dates, featuring a less orthodox instrumentation in trumpet, trombone, tenor and baritone saxes, vibes, piano, bass and drums, was held on March 10,1949 . Rodney's solo space is understandably restricted, but of especial note is the fine release he plays in the first chorus of *The most,* eight bars distinguished by the romanticism that was destined to remain an attractive ingredient of his work.

THE PERIOD during which these combo recordings were made had found Rodney earning his living as a sideman with big bands, with Krupa, as already implied, and afterwards most notably with Claude Thornhill and Woody Herman. He was not as generously featured on record as his admirers might have wished, but the reader is referred for examples of his work in this type of setting to *Yardbird suite,* a Thornhill recording done on December 17th, 1947, to which he contributes an improvised half-chorus strongly marked by his continuing respect for Gillespie, and also to *That's right* and *Lemon drop,* both done at the close of 1948 with Herman and containing much more personal and exciting instances of his solo skill. By 1949 he could justifiably be described as an able improviser in the bop idiom, technically skilled and harmonically adept, yet lacking somewhat in rhythmic flexibility and confined to the brasher colours of the emotional spectrum. Now, as a member of the Charlie Parker quintet, those shortcomings were to be eliminated His three-year spell with the altoist, who engaged him late in 1949, was to find him evolving into a really mature soloist, not just a rapid thinker and an excellent and exciting technician, but a man who could reach out with heartwarming zeal through that musical expertise to involve the intimate emotions of his audience in the music.

The extent of the progress Rodney made between 1949 and 1951 is shown quite dramatically by a comparison between his work on the Carnegie Hall concert transcriptions of December 24th, 1949 and the solos he contributed to the Granz-directed quintet date of August 8th, 1951. I say comparison advisedly, rather than contrast because it is clearly not the case that the trumpet solos to be heard on the first are negligible. They are well-programmed, transcend their influences with a fresh, personal tone and occasional individual melodies, exhibit cleanly-tongued double-time sections, and show throughout a genuine understanding of that style of jazz. Elegant rather than gripping, pyrotechnical yet composed, they are essentially the work of a young star, reminiscent in general approach of the work Donald Byrd was turning in during 1956 and 1957. Three years exposed to the magic of Parker's playing were to infuse his music with a greater sense of conviction, an ardour that fairly leaps out of the trumpet lines enclosed within the theme statements of *Back home blues, Si si, Swedish schnapps* and *Blues for Alice.* Parker is at his

majestic best, opening each solo sequence with the soaring, abrasive verve characteristic of the cream of his later work, but the high dynamic level he initiates is consistently sustained by the trumpeter, unabashed and declarative where many another man would have been unsettled by the fervour Bird unfurled. Fluid and flighted high in the trumpet's range, his solo in the so-called alternate take of *Back home blues* is especially impressive and presents, incidentally, an engaging contrast to his work in the other version, which tends to be couched more in reflective vein. In all these titles, it is noticeable that when John Lewis takes up the argument's thread the intensity lessens; Rodney, too, was less complex rhythmically than Parker — who was, or is, not? — but no such sudden drop in the emotional barometer occurs as he succeeds Parker at the microphone.

BY ONE OF those fine ironies that traverse the history of jazz, Rodney no sooner seems to have achieved that level of performance than he began to fall out of the public eye. Mark Gardner's excellent interview in the April issue of this magazine makes it painfully plain why this happened, and, in retrospect, I suppose we must deem ourselves fortunate that before he moved into this first eclipse he left us with a fine set of recordings in which his playing matches both in imaginativeness and emotional drive the standard he reached in the Clef tracks just described. The session was held for Prestige and after many years was recently reissued on a subsidiary of that label through the enthusiasm of Don Schlitten.

For this, his own session, held slightly later in the same year as the Parker date, on September 27th to be precise, Rodney chose a similar instrumentation, with Jimmy Ford on alto saxophone and what might loosely be termed a standard bop rhythm section with Phil Raphael at the keyboard and Phil Leshin and Phil Brown responsible for bass and drum duties respectively. Ford, whose personal adaptation of the Parker language recalls the acerbity of Ernie Henry and early McLean, makes an ideal partner for Rodney, his biting, passionate sound complementing the fat effulgent tone Rodney achieves on the two ballads, *If you are but a dream* and *Smoke gets in your eyes,* and matching the excitement he creates in the faster themes; his challenge is especially strong in *Red wig,* taken at a very brisk pace and conceived as a series of exchanges between the two hornmen. It is Rodney, though, who makes the more memorable impression, travelling a high plateau of invention throughout, and scaling two authentic peaks in *Smoke,* which he paraphrases so finely one would not want a single note changed, and *Mark,* a line based on the *Indiana* changes which finds him exuding the same concentrated brand of tense, bounding energy Navarro released in *Ice freezes red,* his own variant of this particular song. All in all, the evidence provided by these two 1951 sessions shows conclusively that the long road Rodney had travelled over the previous seven years had brought him to the destination sought by every jazz improviser: the establishment of a mature style evidently based on but just as plainly transcending the influences undergone in his formative period.

The four albums which contain the bulk of Rodney's jazz recording done since that time seem so far as one can tell to have been set down in the period between 1955 and late 1958. Each of them shows how, having assimilated aspects of Gillespie, Navarro, and to a lesser degree Miles Davis, and having fused them with characteristic devices of his own, he had gone on to build upon the resulting musical amalgam, fashioning a style whose individuality would surely have received wider acknowledgment had the records concerned enjoyed a better circulation.

THE FIRST of this batch of albums from the second part of the nineteen-fifties was done in June, 1955, for the Fantasy label while Rodney was working at the Beehive club in Chicago with multi-instrumentalist Ira Sullivan, who also appears on the record. Although the formula adopted was the conventional one of two horns plus three rhythm, sufficient individual touches to the overall musical portrait may be discerned to suggest that had more opportunities occurred Rodney might well have evolved a personal ensemble style. The inclusion of as many as twelve items ensures that the tracks are kept short, so that the soloists must strive to be as concise as possible; several of the tunes embody secondary ensemble lines, which, together with the variety of material ensures unusual melodic diversity; and the routines are conducted in such a way that one very often gets the effect of a big band sound rather than that of a quintet, this conceivably being an upshot of Rodney's earlier training. Possibly the most attractive performance is his sensitive reading of *Laura,* as he avoids the excessive lushness associated with this song, sustaining his long notes with immaculate control and integrating the quickfire runs that come towards the end of the rendition with an excellent sense of overall design. The medium and up numbers find him taking full advantage of the tight surging beat set down by drummer Roy Haynes in conjunction with pianist Norman Simmons and bassist Vic Sproles, both closely associated with the Chicago scene. *Jeffie* stresses his confidence in the upper register, *Red is blue* shows the capital he was now making out of a fatter tone, and *Clap hands here comes Charlie* — an unusual choice reminding us inevitably of Lester Young — finds him revelling in the ultra-fast tempo at which the number is taken. These comments are meant to suggest the range of his accomplishment rather than define it, for in fact every track may be singled out for some particular ability on his part, but space precludes drawing up a catalogue. However, I cannot bring myself to pass on without referring to *Rhythm in a riff,* a jazz vocal by Rodney in the joyous tradition of Eckstine's *Blowing the blues away* and Eldridge's *Schooldays,* which also features him in a short trumpet solo notable for its astute use of light and shade.

A second album made with Ira Sullivan and bearing the title *Red Rodney: 1957* was recorded for the Signal concern, apparently in that year, and in common with the company's other releases, regrettably so limited in number, confirms the reputation it enjoys with connoisseurs everywhere as a source of high quality jazz music. Consisting of only six interpretations, again in quintet format, but this time with a rhythm section composed of Tommy Flanagan, Oscar Pettiford and either Philly Joe or Elvin Jones at the drums, it presented the trumpeter with quite different problems. The Fantasy collection had called for the effective use of limited solo space; this one demanded inventiveness sufficient to retain the listener's interest over several choruses. *Star eyes,* the opening selection, makes it clear at once that Rodney's long experience had endowed him with the resources needed to rise to the challenge. His three improvised choruses following the theme statement, embodying not only the expected long legato phrases and double-time sections but also contrasting passages of jabbing single staccato notes, are delivered with his customary warmth and bright singing tone. Occasional allusions to Clifford Brown's methods may be discerned but these are well integrated within the fabric of his own style. Even better is the superb ballad that follows, *You better go now.* Contrasting sour low-register phrases with luminous high-note sequences, he exteriorises quite brilliantly the ironic tenderness implicit in the song. Of the remaining four items, all taken at a brisk pace, I am most partial to *Stella by starlight* and *Box 2000.* His improvisation on the evergreen opens with a glorious polyrhythmic figure carried off with great verve and continues in the same vein; a characteristically romantic coda sets the seal on a neat paraphrase of the final melody statement. *Box 2000,* a blues line reminiscent of Parker, is stated with unerring emphasis by Pettiford and following a drum break gives rise to a fine idiomatic tenor solo by Ira Sullivan; Rodney then rises brilliantly to the occasion with an intense, exact and passionate solo, its notes separated and placed with enthralling accuracy, before the performance is brought to its expected close.

One of the great advantages of the Signal LP is the excellent quality of the support Rodney draws from his colleagues, all of whom could be accounted outstanding exponents of their instruments. An Argo album, which, it seems, was recorded in the latter half of 1958, proves, however, that even when working with local players he none the less produced fine work. This comment should not be interpreted as a slur on Philadelphians Danny Kent, Jay Cave and Frank Young, who fill the piano, bass and drum roles respectively, nor indeed on tenor saxophonist Billy Root, a better-known musician who partnered him at this session in the front line, but is meant rather to be construed as a tribute to the inner strength of the trumpeter's style. It may also be taken as an indication that he was, and to the best of one's knowledge, has remained a classic bop player, in the sense that whilst he can work effectively with a drummer of Philly Joe's stylistic bent, he is also able to make just as strong an impact when backed by a drummer of less studiedly polyrhythmic inclinations. This rhythm team, for example, excels in setting up a crisp yet flexible swing and over this Rodney gives us, as cases in point, a most persuasive reading of *I remember you,* fleet improvisations on *Cherokee* presented under the pseudonym of *Whirlwind,* and some gripping blues choruses in *Red hot and blue* notable for their refreshing melodic variety. These three emerge to my ears as the outstanding performances in the album, but mention must also be made of *Jordu.* Possibly envisaged as a salute to Clifford Brown, it finds him reiterating several of that trumpeter's favourite ideas. Normally Rodney's

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RECOMMENDED LISTENING

EIGHT OF the tracks on Mercury (E) SMWL 21028 feature Rodney's early small-group work. Otherwise he is poorly represented in the local lists, and one is virtually forced to hunt down deletions or turn to imports, with their inevitably high prices. 1947 Chaloff material featuring Rodney was released on Savoy (A) MG12105 and the baritonist's March 1949 session was once available in its entirety as Esquire (E) EP203. Claude Thornhill's *Yardbird Suite* was included in Harmony (A) HL7088, now deleted, whilst Woody Herman's *That's right* and *Lemon drop* were most recently to be heard on *The Great Big Bands Vol.11,* Capitol (E) T20809. The 1949 Carnegie Hall tracks were issued in this country only as a private limited edition; but all the items from the August 1951 Parker session are still, to my best knowledge, commercially available on Verve (A) MGV8010, and the Prestige date of the same year has been reissued complete on Status (A) 8306.

Whilst they have been long deleted and will undoubtedly be hard to track down, the catalogue numbers of the four albums that contain the bulk of Rodney's recording during the second half of the 'fifties are Fantasy (A) 3-208, Signal (A) S1206, Argo (A) LP643 and Coral (E) LVA9109.

It follows as a corollary to this discouraging survey of the present position with Rodney's recorded work that the preceding article could not have been written without the co-operation of Mark Gardner, whose kindness in making numerous items available to the present writer from his extensive library is greatly appreciated.

mature records show thorough absorption of his influences and since this is the lone exception in his entire later discography it must, I think, be taken as an intentional mark of respect to a man he held in the highest esteem.

THE LAST OF the four collections from this period of Rodney's career is of less moment than the other three to admirers of his work, in that it affords him only limited exposure. Released locally almost twelve years ago on the Coral label under the title of *52nd Street scene,* it features three different groups led by clarinettist Tony Scott. Rodney is heard in the opening and closing themes of *'Round midnight,* plays a similar role in *Lover man,* contributes a restrained yet finely poised release in *Woody'n you,* and finally gets space more in keeping with his stature in *Lester leaps in* and *Mop mop.* In these restricted surrounds, his purity of tone and melodic fluency none the less make an impact quite out of proportion to his share of the solo programmes. An interesting feature of the session, which was held on August 7th, 1958, is the presence of George Wallington, whose equally brief solo sequences indicate that his retirement from music, though doubtless economically justified, was indeed premature on strictly aesthetic grounds.

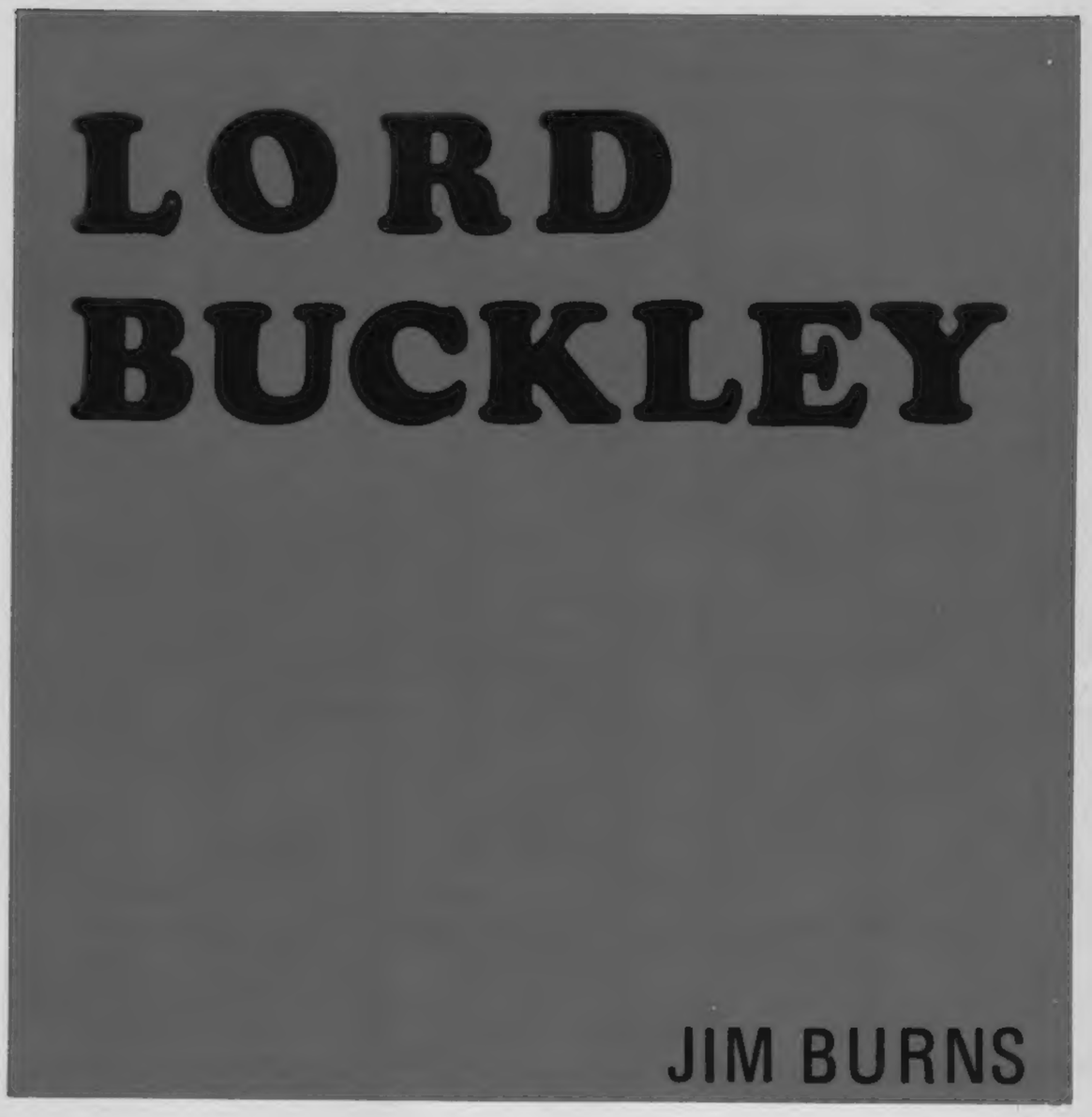
It is commonplace to find writers deploring the early deaths of Bix Beiderbecke or Fats Navarro but whilst one recognizes their demise as tragic, there is at least in musical terms the consolation that each left a fair amount of recorded work behind him, and that this legacy embodies in both cases a relative maturity of style. Equally lamentable and if anything even more frustrating to listeners is the case of those players, several of them late developers, who died without having had time to reveal their full potential, and in the 'fifties and 'sixties Rodney must at certain points have come close to this. In the sense that the jazz musician can reach a wide audience only by way of the gramophone record he might even be regarded as having in some degree shared the fate of such men as Ernie Henry, Charlie Christian or Serge Chaloff. To listen to those few later albums, none of which received very wide distribution, is to feel that, as with those men, we were robbed of a whole fund of imaginative and exciting jazz. This feeling is intensified because Rodney obviously fitted so well into the style of rhythm section accompaniment which dominated the late 'fifties and early 'sixties. The point has already been made that he was very much a product of his era, but one should not lose sight of the fact that it was his very familiarity with the bop idiom which made it a joy to hear him with such percussionists as Philly Joe and Elvin Jones. This fact is highlighted if one compares his work with the later playing of other trumpeters who first made their mark in the nineteen-forties, inspired, as he was, by the pace-setters of that era, for example Neal Hefti, Shorty Rogers, Conte Candoli, Bennie Harris, Jerry Hurwitz or Dave Burns. How many of these would really have sounded at ease backed by either of those two drummers?

The distinction is an important one if we wish to take the measure of Rodney's achievement, and to grasp from the admittedly meagre evidence what place should reasonably be assigned to him in the annals of that phase of jazz history. Certainly he was influenced by Dizzy Gillespie and Fats Navarro and later, to a lesser extent, by Clifford Brown. Yet this was no case of stealing the vocabulary of these musicians, of borrowing a set of pet licks and tricking them out with connecting phrases of his own, not necessarily apposite in form. No, what Rodney achieved, aided — and this is a vital point, in view of bop's extreme technical demands — by an instrumental ability shared by few players of that era, was thoroughly to absorb the rhythmic and harmonic principles established by those men and to build upon that complex foundation a personal style similar in musical content but distinctive in its detail and emotional colouring. "They soon recognized my playing", Rodney told Mark Gardner, alluding to times when he worked under a pseudonym, "which was highly original and unlike anyone else". This is no vainglorious boast but a true statement of fact, and what he might have added was that in terms of sheer musical interest it was superior to a great deal of the recorded work set down by the best trumpet players to emerge in the decade following his arrival on the scene. Today, of course, as the case of Barry Harris shows, the situation for a musician of his skills is a confined, one might almost say claustrophobic one, and even if a record company decided to back an attempt on his part to re-enter the jazz arena, it might be hard to assemble a group worthy of his talents. If, however, this and allied problems are surmounted, I am convinced that there could be no better augury for the idiom's future. In recent years jazz players appear to have lost in some degree their belief in the viability of their own idiom and we have seen many turning to popular and gospel fields, European straight music, and even the musics of India and Africa in their search for inspiration. Jazz, of course, has always shown a tendency to borrow from other forms, but one sometimes feels that compared with earlier incursions, for example into the territory of the romantic songwriters of the pre- and immediate post-war eras, these latter-day activities verge upon acute kleptomania. I believe it cannot be denied that the dictates of fashion have had a lot to do with this trend and that, as a result, an odour of decadence has begun to cling to this infinitely vital expressive medium, as some players have edged away from a rich and varied heritage. The history of Rodney's career and the calibre of his recordings attest his respect for the musicians who came before him and his appreciation of the leading exponents of his time. I hope I shall not be accused of undue partiality if I claim that his return to jazz, judging from his past accomplishments, would add a powerful voice to the still numerous band of players, stylistically diverse but at one in spirit, whose belief in the idiom and its expressive cogency has remained unshaken.

P. S. Since the foregoing essay on Rodney's recorded work was completed, Mark Gardner has received a further letter from him, and it is felt that the following excerpt from this will be of interest to readers as an indication of his desire to involve himself once more in jazz expression and the progress he is already making towards that goal:

"My chops are coming around quite well and a bit ahead of my schedule due to practising. This only proves that playing on a gig — no matter how legitimate or corny — in this case I believe both words are suitable — can give you more flexibility than all the practice possible. I sat in at a session last night at the Castaways Hotel where they have a rhythm section employed and I suspect for this very purpose because it's a good one. Anyway, I seemed to have caused a little noise because someone went to the other hotel bandrooms and told the fellows that I was at the hotel and blowing with the trio. Shortly after 2 a.m. the place filled up with musicians and it looked like a union election . . .everyone was there. I had a ball and even with my rustyness sticking out like a sore thumb I must have had a good night,because the reception was just beautiful. I was very embarrassed by it all but the feeling of accomplishment was tremendous and I want more of that from now on. I plan to continue blowing from here on out and will make the time if necessary to allow for at least three nights per week . . ."

LORD BUCKLEY



READERS WILL perhaps recall that I mentioned Lord Buckley when writing about the Lyle Griffin band in the November 1969 issue of this magazine. Discussing Griffin's *Flight of the vout bug* I raised the question of the version of this recording reputed to have a "vocal" by Richard "Lord" Buckley. *Flight* was originally recorded in Los Angeles in 1946 for Atomic and was later re-issued on IRRA. The latter — and, from the available evidence, the Atomic release also — is definitely a straight instrumental and mainly a feature for Dodo Marmarosa and Lucky Thompson. However, *Flight* (and *Deep in the blues,* the reverse side on the Atomic and IRRA issues) later came out on Hip, and it is on this label that there is a reference to Buckley.

I have a tape of the IRRA release and the late Ernie Edwards very kindly sent me a photo-copy of the review of the Atomic in the March 1947 *Metronome.* But neither of us could trace a copy of *Flight* on Hip and Ernie could only suggest that Buckley's vocal was possibly dubbed over the band performance. In the absence of any other information we must accept this as the most logical explanation. It's perhaps worth mentioning that Ernie was trying to locate Lyle Griffin (founder of Atomic) to see if he could throw any light on this matter. I don't know if he ever succeeded in doing this.

Since first mentioning the Griffin/Buckley "mystery" one or two people have asked me for information on Buckley himself. It's more than likely that his name will be at least familiar to jazz readers — Buckley had a peripheral connection with jazz for many years — and it occurred to me that it might be of interest to compile a few notes on the man and his work. The links between jazz and other art forms — and the development of what one might call an "underground" way of life — are interesting in themselves and the evidence is that a fair portion of the jazz audience now has a taste for poetry, art, etc.

Who was Lord Buckley then? To quote various writers, he was "Lord of Flip Manor," "Royal Holiness of the Far Out", "Prophet of the Hip," "A jazz comic," "not a critic but a preacher." One could list many more comments and it's perhaps a tribute to the appeal of Buckley's work that he could evoke so many different responses from his audiences. He was a comedian who used the monologue form as the basic of his work, but that's an over-simplification because Buckley just couldn't be grouped with comedians as such. It is, in fact, virtually impossible to label him. He used all kinds of material and switched his approach from piece to piece.

According to some reports Buckley was active in nightclubs as long ago as the Twenties, a not at all doubtful suggestion when one considers that poetry readings and similar activities were not unknown in Chicago clubs during that period. There was a flourishing bohemian cafe life — and it frequently overlapped into the night-club and gangland world — and it is reasonable to assume that someone like Buckley would have a ready-made audience available for his kind of "in" humour. I don't want to get involved in any long and detailed discussion of bohemian life in Chicago but it is worth recommending Kenneth Rexroth's *An Autobiographical Novel* (Doubleday, New York, 1966) for its fascinating description of activities there. It isn't irrelevant to mention this book because it's reasonable to presume that Buckley's social attitudes were more than probably coloured by his experiences early in his life. Buckley doesn't seem to have been obviously active during the Thirties and I would guess that the break-up of the free-and-easy radical bohemianism of the Twenties left him high and dry and without an audience. To generalise, one can see a whole tradition of American dissent falling apart around 1930 (Rexroth uses the Sacco-Vanzetti execution of 1927 as a convenient marker), with the result that Communist domination during the Thirties meant that much social comment was strait-jacketed to the party line. Buckley would clearly not fit into this context.

If we ignore the Hip disc Buckley appears to have made his comeback in the late-Forties or early-Fifties and his earliest recordings proper were made around 1951 for the Vaya label in Los Angeles. He had worked in various parts of the U.S.A., but it was on the West Coast — noted breeding ground of eccentrics and oddballs — that he found real acceptance. Musicians, singers, show-business types, in fact all those making up the after-hours audiences in nightclubs and other hangouts, liked Buckley. So did writers, poets, artists. Playwright Clifford Odets praised his work and Henry Miller said it was "all so very alive and jumping."

WITH THE rise of an identifiable "underground" — and the revival of the tradition of radical bohemian dissent and its associated literature — Buckley's reputation grew. By 1960 he was working at The Gate of Horn, a Chicago club specialising in folk-music, jazz, satire, poetry-readings, etc, and in October of that same year he was booked to appear at The Jazz Gallery in New York.

A week or so after his New York opening the police withdrew Buckley's cabaret licence. Unable to work, and with the authorities delaying making a decision about his licence, he hit a bad spell. He contacted writer Harold Humes (author of *Men die* and *The Underground City)* and asked for a loan, saying he had hardly eaten for a week. Humes arranged for money to be sent to him but Buckley was taken to hospital later that same day. Confusion surrounded his death on November 12th, 1960, with one doctor saying it was due to a stroke and the police issuing a statement attributing it to an old kidney ailment. Seymour Krim put in a blunter (if less medically-based) opinion when he said that Buckley's death was "as much of a busted as anything else." One ironic little note needs to be added to the sad details of Buckley's death. In the hospital he was tended by some nuns — baffling them with his description of himself as "The Hip Messiah" — and on one of his records he lovingly quotes the end of Joyce Cary's *The Horses's Mouth* when Gully Jimson, told by a nun that it would be far better to pray than laugh, replies, "Some thing, mother.'

Buckley's forte was the monologue and he frequently used the hip vernacular. Not always — and even within the same piece Buckley would switch voices with bewildering frequency, from hip-talk to mock upper class English to Southern drawl — but enough to show some kind of continuity. And he was a comedian in the sense that he made people laugh, though he rarely used the satirical approach popularised by such people as Mort Sahl and Lenny Bruce. Often the way Buckley said something was as important as what he said. Francis Newton stated that Buckley "dreamed of a big rock-candy world where the cats and chicks have a perpetual ball, bathed in the rays of equality and love; Gandhi's and Jesus's as well as Venus's." And love, hope, laughter — a totally affirmative approach to life, in fact — played a large part in his repertoire (which is maybe why some hippies named him as being amongst the fore-runners of their philosophy). "My Lords, My Ladies, Beloveds. Would it embarrass you very much if I were to tell you that I love you?", Buckley asks the audience at one of his shows and as they giggle nervously he says triumphantly, "It embarrasses you, doesn't it?".

Not surprisingly Gandhi and Jesus were amongst Buckley's pan-theon of saints and he had monologues on both. *The Hip Gahn* or *The All-Hip Mahatma* (like a jazz musician Buckley improvised each time he did a piece and so the recorded versions vary) is about Gandhi and his fight against "the Lion". As Buckley puts it, "Everytime India got a little extra supply in the cupboard the Lion went ZOOM — snapped it up and swooped the scene and there stood the poor Indians scoffless." And *The Nazz* — one of his best known monologues (I'm not sure how many versions exist on record but I've located three, all different) — is about "the carpen-ter kitty" who had "them Love Eyes" and believed that to be "cool" meant to "believe in the magic power of love." Only a narrow-minded fool or a bigot would object to Buckley's use of Jesus's life as a vehicle for a monologue because the man's sincerity — his obvious belief in the basic tenets of Jesus's teachings—comes through at all times.

Buckley was not limited to hipped-up versions of the lives of the famous though. *Murder* is a semi-surreal sketch on the subject, *Georgia, Sweet and kind* satirises the banal words of *Georgia on my mind* as a lynching takes place as background to a performance of the song, *Chastity Belt* pretends to be a history of that oddity, *Governor Gulpwell* takes a swipe at politicians, *Scrooge* jazzes up Dickens's tale. And between the main pieces are little asides — "When you make love, make it" — snatches of song, mock trom-bone growls, social comment — "We've got to knock out the greed-heads" — all of them somehow blending into a total performance. Where did Buckley stand you want to know? On his own two feet, As Harold Humes decribed him: "Revolutionaires didn't like him because he dug that it made no difference who be in the driver's seat, since, no matter who, he be bound to square up — since square be the shape of all driver's seats. Nice people didn't like him because he talked about freedom as though he meant it (and he did), and he was even hurt in the last weeks of his life by musicians who put him down for talking like a downhome negro when he wasn't. He was hit hard by the cracker attack from both sides of the shadow line. But that's the way the corn shucks, I suppose. Nobody looks to motives anymore, just labels. And there are not many easy riders around to keep things level, either. But there you go. Everybody's got to have something to care about. And Buckley cared about Gandhi, who got more done in a few decades than perhaps any single man in recent history. He told me once that "it's the greedheads that will destroy this country, the greedheads." And he's right. Any other kind of head gets busted."

Buckley was, as Ed Randolph said, "talking the language of a generation yet to come" when he was performing in the Fifties and I wonder if that generation has appeared. Would Buckley have identified with the hippies — who tend to use his name like the beatniks used Bird's — and the "underground" as it is today? To be honest, I don't think so. He would still have continued to speak to the real "underground" and would have seen through the half-baked philosophy, the noise, the fake revolt of the rest. As for the violence endemic to the scene today I like to think he would have continued to speak out for love and gentleness and humour. He probably would have done and his individuality would no doubt have put him as far out as he always was.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

SEVEN BUCKLEY monologues were transcribed and published, under the title *Hiparama of the Classics,* by City Lights Books, San Francisco, in 1960. One of them — *Nero* was also printed in the May 1961 issue of *Swank,* along with "His Lordship's Last Days" an article by Harold Humes from which I have extracted the Humes quote in my article. *Swank,* incidentally, was an American girlie-magazine which (thanks to Seymour Krim) printed, in 1960/61, four special sections of avant-garde writing and art; amongst the writers featured were Norman Mailer, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Jack Kerouac, Frank O'Hara, Leroi Jones, Hubert Selby and Bob Reisner. There was a brief tribute to Buckley by Francis Newton in the *New Statesman* (31st December 1960) and my own "The Hip Messiah" was pub-lished in *The Guardian* (12th August 1963).

DISCOGRAPHY

I USED FOUR Buckley LP's as the basis for my notes on his work. These were: *Revelations of the late Lord Buckley* (Nonesuch PPL208); *Lord Buckley blowing his mind* (Fontana TL5396); *The Best of Lord Buckley* (Elektra 2410 002); *Way Out Humour* (World Pacific WP-1279). There are no direct duplications on any of these, though there are different versions of the same monologues. Various Buckley recordings have appeared in the U.S.A. on Hip *(Gettysburg Address and James Dean);* Vaya *(Euphoria);* and Victor *(Hipsters, Flipsters and Finger Poppin' Daddies).* Some of the material on these may be that on the four records I referred to.

RAY DRAPER, one of the few people to make the tuba his main instrument in jazz, has been living in England, unbeknown to most people, since last February. He has played gigs at Sound Asylum and is preparing for a recording session in this country. Born on August 3, 1940, Ray proudly points out that his mother is a concert and church pianist who also plays organ. His father was in the trumpet section of such bands as Sy Oliver, Fletcher Henderson and Duke Ellington before and after the last war. He continued working with dance bands up until the mid-fifties.

Draper's career has enjoyed its share of ups and downs. After rising to prominence with Jackie McLean and Max Roach in the late 1950s he dropped out of the music front line until 1967 when he resumed recording and active playing in California.

A tall, loose man with a big smile, Ray speaks with a wisdom beyond his 29 years, many of which have been unhappy ones.

Draper has recorded under his own name for Jubilee and New Jazz and more recently Epic; with Jackie McLean on New Jazz and Jubilee; with Max Roach on Time and Riverside, and with Sonny Criss on Prestige.

The interview below was taped on a hot day last June on Hampstead Heath with an accompaniment of a spontaneous, hippy band. Amongst those gathered in the open air on the banks of a murky pool were numerous children, dogs, cats and chicks and an old friend of Ray's, pianist Walter Davis, Jr. Photographer Jak Kilby was also on hand to capture Ray and his family enjoying a day away from their Kentish Town home. *M.G.*

Ray Draper
talks to Mark Gardner

I suppose Jackie McLean was the man who helped you most to get a start in music?

JACKIE WAS like a big brother to me and also he has been my main influence down through the years. I wasn't influenced by any other tuba players because I hadn't heard any! Except one cat who was my teacher — Bass Edwards. This cat once made a film show smoking a cigar and playing a tuba at the same time! That's how bad he was, man. As for brass players I had a great admiration for Miles from way back. And also a love and admiration for Clifford Brown. I cried the day I found out that Clifford was dead. I couldn't believe it. That was the way it affected me — very deeply in those early years.

Did you know Clifford well?

NOT REALLY well. I knew Miles much better. But from a distance I could see that Clifford had everything that I was striving for — as a person, human being and a musician. He was perfect. With me the thing that initially motivated me to start in music got lost for awhile — my head got turned and my nose was opened to a different set of values. It destroyed me to a great degree but now I feel alive again and I'm trying to utilise the full extent of my experiences in the past and try to build on that. Of course I still make mistakes and I still fall down — I have my hang-ups — but I'm almost 30 years old now and life goes on.

How long did Jackie's group last — about a year? Did you ever go out on the road?

A COUPLE of times. And on the road with that band was on the road! It's not like now where cats have got everything laid out for them, like a mimeorgaphed sheet telling them everything from A to Z. Jackie and I took a band to Montreal one time to play for two nights. When we got there nobody met us at the airport, we had to find a hotel and we'd never been to Montreal before. We weren't hip to the fact that they speak a lot of French in Montreal. There was a hang-up with Customs . . .

Did you move straight from Jackie's group into the Max Roach band?

WELL IT was like this. After Jackie split and went with Charlie Mingus there was a period when I wasn't doing too much. I was recording but I was still in high school. I had a hard time making up my mind what I wanted to do. I did an album with John Coltrane. I first met John at the Tenor Madness session he did with Sonny Rollins. I was just in the studio digging it and then I heard him a lot with the Miles group that included Red Garland and Philly Joe Jones. We're still close to this day, Philly and I. I kept running into John. And I spent practically the whole summer of 1957, every day and night, with Thelonious and Coltrane, hanging out. At that time Coltrane was living just around the corner from where my parents live and I used to go to John's house practically every day that I could without being a pest. I'd just sit around listening to him practice. At that time he was just coming through the things that I later went into. He was just getting his family together, his chops together. When I first went to Trane's house all he had was a couple of mattresses and some orange crates that he was using for chairs and a new horn and a set of weights. He used to lift those weights every morning to get himself in shape. When Trane talks about a spiritual awakening I know what he means because in 1967 — 10 years later — I was there. I didn't realise it then but now, when I look back, I know that I've been spared in this life for a certain purpose, a certain reason, and it's not by accident that I've been fortunate to know and be intimate with people of the stature of John Coltrane.

After that period with Trane, then you went with Max?

YES AND that association lasted for a little over a year. I joined Max in about April of 1958. That was about the first time that I got to make a lot of bread. It changed my whole style of living. My whole attitude was changed. Success came to me at a very early age, so quick, and I wasn't really ready for it. The thing is if you are not ready to accept the

responsibility that comes with success, success itself will elude one and invariably will slip through your fingers. You don't really enjoy it when you've got it because you don't know what you've got! That's how it was with me. I was young and crazy, I wasn't really conscientious. My whole life became a series of jumping off planes and out of beds onto the bandstand, then chicks — wine, women and song and then dope, you dig? Max put up with me for a long time!

Who was in that band originally — George Coleman and Booker Little?

WHEN I first joined the band it was George and Kenny Dorham. But then Kenny and Max had a scene so Max fired Kenny but he had to give him a week's notice. So for that one week it was Kenny and Booker Little both playing on stage every night and that was something to see. There was no real animosity between Kenny and Booker but there was this thing between Kenny and Max to Kenny would go on and play his ass off. He was trying to show the people that Max had fired him but he was still the man. Booker was young and had just come out of school and he was playing really fast but it took him a year with Max and then some to really get it together and settle down so Kenny gave him a hard time. In those days Booker was always off to the races, playing fast, but you could hear the potential in his style. Booker made me feel very uptight because he played so fast that I just wanted to play fast too. One of the hang-ups about the tuba is that it's difficult to play fast on it. And it took me awhile to get over that frustration. It is an instrument which has a technical handicap and limitation when it comes to fast playing. You can't play it fluently in the way that a trumpeter can by manipulating his valves. It's only in recent years that I learned how to overcome that feeling of frustration by realising and feeling that I must do what I can do as well as I can do it and what is not physically and humanly possible cannot be helped. There's no sense getting upset because I can't do it.

I suppose the tuba is still regarded as a slightly unusual instrument in jazz or in pop music for that matter?

I'VE HAD THE experience of playing on a pop circuit for two years and I get more of a reaction now than when I was just playing jazz. But I play other instruments too. These days I'm playing a lot of baritone horn because I happen to have one. Eventually I hope to have all the instruments that I can play, because I play piano and valve trombone as well. I also sing, which has been a thing of development over the last couple of years since I had a group in Los Angeles called Red Beans and Rice which was the last band I led in the States before leaving to come over here. We did an album for the Epic label.
So it's really a question of being able to harness all these instruments but instruments cost money. So it all goes back to that thing again of finances which is a bit of a drag. But I'm hoping to form a group over here in which I'll play tuba and baritone horn primarily and I'll be doing some vocals but I hope to do more instrumentals than vocals.

You mentioned earlier that you were writing poetry and also preparing an unusual biography which will combine visual drawings with a text, but have you been doing any jazz composing?

DOWN through the years I've done a lot of writing but I've not always been able to hear my stuff played. During the years that I was going to jail regularly I developed as a writer and I had the cats right there in that there was always a band together in any institution that I was in. It served as kind of a workshop. Being incarcerated there is no better way of passing the time than by writing music — for me. Some cats do it by playing bridge or chess. Well I did a little bit of that too but mostly it was writing music. I'd always take my stuff down to the band room and go over it, so I really developed that thing as a writer. In New York in 1961 I did what was probably one of the first underground avant-garde films. I wrote the music for that and it consisted of very loose, free sounds with vibes and percussion things much like what you hear today in the background. Here in London I've just begun to write again. I'm just working on two things for Chris McGregor and his band that will be performed soon. I'm also working on the music for an album of my own. This will be done with English cats that are basically rock musicians, the rhythm section, plus Kenneth Tyrhoade. Kenneth has a date coming up and I'm writing something for that too. It's really a challenge to write and be creative, original and fresh sounding in regards to the freedom that musicians are playing with today. That is in the spontaneous, improvisational aspects which is what the free music is all about. You try to write something that is in keeping with this sound and that's the hardest. One way I'm approaching this is by writing sections, within those sections cats will build on thematic material, just play free and then at a given point you come back to letter A, letter B or letter C — the theme. So it's like a map with the theme as a starting point, 16, 32 bars or whatever and then they go off into their own thing. But the cat up front who is leading the band calls them back to letter C again.

Do you wish to discuss the times when you fell foul of the law? Would this be helpful to young musicians today who might fall into the same traps?

I SHOULD hope so but I can say that the experences of others did not help or prevent me from falling into those pitfalls that are there. Growing up in the environment that I grew up in it was very fashionable to use dope. It was the hip thing in the early 1950s. Like I said earlier I'm very fortunate to be here to talk about it. I started using heroin when I was 16 years old. It was off and on to start with, in the early years, until I finally fell from grace and went into the hospital for a cure in New York in 1959. That was after I finally broke up with Max. In going into the hospital for a cure it would have been beautiful if that had worked and been successful and I'd never used drugs again. But it wasn't. I met more junkies and more connections. I have by experience found that if you put a kid using junk in with some people who are serious addicts and expose him to a hardened addict personality so it will make him worse. That's what happened to me and from 1959 to '67 I was in and out of jail. I'll qualify that by saying that in 1964 I left New York for California and Japan with Roland Kirk, and in Los Angeles I was arrested for possession of marihuana. So I went to jail with a seven-year sentence to the California Rehabilitation Centre. I served 31 months. When I came out in 1967 I came out really determined to not go to jail again and try and just leave it alone. When an individual comes out of this sort of situation it's like a rebirth, a re-awakening, like learning to walk again, like learning to see with your eyes. You have to crawl before you walk. I can say that I've not looked back and I've been able to piece it back together and keep on keepin' on. I call them dark days, those experiences. There are plenty of cats around today who are clean and taking care of business who have known those dark days and been able to come back . . . straight ahead. You've got to take the bitter with the sweet.
So these days when I don't have this and I don't have that and I can't get a work permit, I can't work like I want to and I'm having trouble recording and getting it back together, I look at my baby and my old lady and I think 'I've got a lot to be thankful for.' So I just try to groove with what I've got. My family is so

THE DRAPER FAMILY AT PLAY

much a part of me these days that anything that's written can't possibly reflect an accurate picture of me without including them. So when things don't look good I just try to bear down and push that much harder to get the things that we need in this life to make it.

What are your plans for the immediate future, assuming you can work here for awhile? Do you think you will still return to the USA?

I KNOW that I could go back to New York now and make a very lucrative living playing and doing a lot of recording work and not going on the road but just staying in town. A friend of mine has built two sixteen-track studios in Woodstock, New York, for the purposes of recording. He's called Alan Grossman and he's manager of Bob Dylan, Peter, Paul & Mary and other big names. Another friend, Robert Jordan, is making a lot of movies out in California so there are enough people in the States to give me work if I go back. I really want to settle down and make a home for my wife and my baby because they've been travelling with me and we've just been going all over the place. I left LA in September, 1969, we went to New York for five days. Saw all the cats there, spent a day with Jackie McLean and his family, spent another day with Max and Abbey and went and heard Freddie Hubbard . . phew that cat is one of the baddest trumpet players ever, really beautiful. There are so many cats out there playing their asses off. It makes you bear down because there ain't no room for anybody to be jiving — do or don't, will or won't. It was great to see Jackie. He's put on some weight, has his own nice comfortable pad, and man I just can't believe it but he's a grandfather! His son's wife recently had a baby.
We came from New York to England. I found a place for my wife and baby and then went over to play a festival in Belgium where I worked with Don Cherry which was like a reunion because I hadn't seen Don since 1962 when we had a group in New York together with Pharoah Sanders. The following night I worked with Archie Shepp which was another reunion. The really beautiful thing is that over here I've been seeing cats that don't come to California and I'd been out on the West Coast for five years. So now I'm seeing these cats I'd not seen in years — like AT who I met again in Paris.

Actually then you have been involved with avant garde jazz since the early 1960s. Did you feel it was a very radical departure from what you had been doing in the hard bop era or did it seem like a natural evolvement?

IT WAS A natural evolvement. It came to me so naturally. My only conflict — and it's an inner conflict — concerning the new music is based on the economic crisis. All the new cats playing the new music are suffering because it doesn't find a ready made audience. The players are slow to be accepted so cats have to more or less create their own gigs and the audience to play to and it's rather difficult to consistently earn enough bread to survive, to exist. Cecil Taylor has been starving for years and he's just now beginning to get some of the recognition that he's due. And he's always been playing Cecil Taylor. Only in the last year has he started to get some of the cream off the top.

I can listen to Cecil Taylor and enjoy some of it but some of the free records you hear I find it very difficult to relate to. Especially a 25-minute piece that seems to have no start and no end. How much more difficult must it be for somebody who has never heard any jazz before?

WELL IT HAS often been difficult for me to get full satisfaction from playing free music. I worked with Don Cherry and Archie Shepp, then I came back to London and did a tour with a rock band called Sweet Water Canal, backing a guy called Arthur Conley who records for Stax — soul music. So getting into that funk thing was gratifying for awhile but after a time it became so monotonous playing the same stuff every night. So then I went and got these two Spanish guitar players from Madrid. These cats were playing flamenco blues. They'd listened to a lot of jazz records but playing with a technique and learning the guitar as only a Spanish cat can. Well, it's their axe. That was another unique experience musically.

So you don't really want to be put in one bag, like new music or rock/jazz, you want to be doing all these things?

THAT'S THE way I feel. It's a well rounded musician that can play anything and everything. There's too much music in the air to narrow yourself down to one particular thing. That's one of the things with young cats today,

they pick up their horns and start with free jazz, just blowing instead of really learning their axe and being able to play changes and learning about what happened before freedome came. Freedom for the sake of freedom is just self-indulgence. There must be some discipline otherwise there is no form and with no form then it's not beautiful and music should be beautiful. It should be pleasing to the ear. That's my belief.

Can you remember the first band you worked with?

SURE, IT WAS Henry Red Allen at the Metropole in, I guess, 1955. Henry was a very good friend of my parents and was always coming around to visit. My father told him one day that I played the tuba and he expressed an interest and told me to come by one night and blow. Well I went, although at 15 I should not even have been inside a night club. The first tune we played was *When the Saints go marching in*, and I must have been okay because Henry kept me on the payroll. Between sets he would have me go down into the basement and keep out of sight. I'd come back up for the next set. Henry sure was a great help in getting me started out.

My family were pretty musical. My father played with Fletcher Henderson and other bands in the 1930s and 40s. My mother travelled around a lot with Billie Holiday. I can remember them holding rent parties in our home when I was five or six years old and I would listen to the music of many great artists from behind a closed door in my pyjamas. At school my contemporaries included John Mayer, the pianist who was on the album I did for Jubilee. Also Andy Kirk Jr., who was a young and very promising tenor play who could have really amounted to something but he could not stand the pressures.

Jackie McLean taught me so much. He never forgot the way Miles had helped him when he was young and so he went out of his way to be helpful to myself and Webster Young, a trumpeter who is now living in Washington, D.C. I think he works in the Post Office there and is no longer in music.

I should mention too that I was the band boy for the Jazz Messengers for a time in 1955. I quit school for two weeks on one occasion to go with the Messengers to Boston and that was an education because the band included Hank Mobley, Don Byrd, Horace Silver, Doug Watkins and Art. They were playing beautiful things like *Soft winds* and all those new compositions that Horace was writing. They made a record for Transition during that stint in Boston. I was in trouble when I got home but it was really worth it.

I believe that you lived at Thelonious Monk's house for a time in the 1950s?

THAT'S TRUE. I should perhaps explain that at that time I was in a very bad state. It was one of those times when I had no pad, no horn, no desire to play. I was just living from day to day. The Baroness Nica, who has subsidised cats down through the years, she took me home to live with her and got me doctor's care. I stayed at Nica's house for a couple of months recuperating, withdrawing. Thelonious and Nica have a very close relationship and so I wound up at Thelonious's house. I stayed there for three months and during this time Thelonious was working mostly at the Five Spot with Johnny Griffin. He was like Uncle T to me because I was very close with the kids in Thelonious's family. He has two or three young nephews and they all called him Uncle T so I did too. Over this period our relationship developed in such a way that he became everything to me, like a big brother, a father. His piano was in the kitchen. He'd be sitting at the piano while Nellie — his wife — would be cooking. It was while I was there that he wrote this tune called *Crepescule with Nellie* which is a very beautiful song. So I was able to be around Thelonious day in and day out and watch his genius at work. Incidentally that cat is a fantastic ping-pong player, unbeatable! No-one can beat Thelonious playing ping-pong. The table was at Nica's place. Nica and Thelonious would play all the time. At other times the good ping-pong players in the music scene used to come and play Thelonious but he never lost a game.

Bird was a good ping-pong player too. Did you ever see those fantastic pictures of him playing Lawrence Marable?

NO I DIDN'T but I played Lawrence when I was out on the Coast. Another drummer out there is Frank Butler. There are so many good musicians tucked away in places like Los Angeles, San Francisco, or Fort Worth, Texas, that will never leave those places because of one hang-up or another. The world, by and large, don't get a chance to hear them.

Did you play with Sonny Criss much on the coast?

YES I played with Sonny in Los Angeles during and around the time I had my own band together. We had a band in Los Angeles which was called the Black Cultural Orchestra of LA. It was led by a cat called Horace Tapscott, a very prolific writer and pianist. Sonny used to appear as guest artist with the band. It was about the only thing that was happening in Los Angeles, the only thing where the black musicians were given a chance to come to the fore.

The studio scene is still all wrapped up over there?

YES BUT THIS is something that I find exists not only in Los Angeles. Right here in London there are cliques. If you're not in the clique then you don't work or get a piece of the action that other cats would get who are in this clique. Which is really a bit of a drag.

It's my desire to establish some means of bringing about a closer communication between musicians that feel similar or the same about things, to bring them closer together in some way by establishing some brotherhood. It's not enough that we have a mutual interest in music. As it is now, music is set up in such a way that it's on a competitive level instead of being a brotherly love thing. Relationships of musicians are often destroyed, often spoiled, by the need to compete for gigs or whatever. That's a drag.

It has been tried before . . .

IT HAS BUT I don't think it's been tried with any degree of consistency and conviction which an individual needs if he's going to pursue something. He must have a conviction in his beliefs and stand up for what he believes in. I'm going to create a situation where musicians don't need booking agents because we'll be taking care of our own business, protecting one another. There are too many middle men. And those middle men don't give a damn about the artist or the music. All they think about is there bread. This is a force that's destroying the music and it's something that's got to be eliminated.

Seeing Walter Davis over there reminds me, did you two ever play together?

YEAH! Walter and I played together in New York around '57 and '58 — gigs and sessions. Walter played with Jackie a lot during those years. It's beautiful to see Walter. He came into my life again a couple of weeks ago after not seeing him for about 10 years.

RECORD REVIEWS

CANNONBALL ADDERLEY QUINTET

COUNTRY PREACHER:
Nat Adderley (cnt, vcl-1); Julian "Cannonball" Adderley (alt, sop–2); Joe Zawinul (el-p); Walter Booker (bs); Roy McCurdy (d); Rev.Jesse Jackson (m.c.)

Chicago – 1969

Walk tall :: Country preacher-2 :: Hummin'–2 :: Oh babe-1 :: Afro-Spanish omlet (Umbakwen/Soli tomba/Oiga/Marabi) :: The scene

Capitol E–ST404 (39/11d.) (39 mins)

"RESEMBLES LOUIS Jordan's Tympany Five more than ever", said the *Melody Maker* and, funnily enough, it was intended as a criticism. I should have thought that, if you're going to play soul, you should do it properly and that Louis Jordan would be a very good place to start. Our own Bob Yates made a more pointed remark:– "Are they serious, or only doing it for the bread?" But, then again, I shouldn't think Louis Jordan worried about whether he was serious, any more than (say) Stuff Smith or Peetie Wheatstraw – I mean, what's soul music all about, anyway, except entertainment? I expect what Bob was referring to was this album's strong sociological content, not of the LeRoi Jones variety but the Martin Luther King lineage: in short, this was recorded live at the (unspecified) Chicago church which is the headquarters of Operation Breadbasket, "The economic arm of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference". Thus, as well as Cannon's carefully idiomatic closing speech ("We'll be here, y'all, so y'all hold still and we gonna see ya, 'heah"), we have the eponymous Rev. Jackson declaiming and the congregation repeating "Soul Power! (Soul power!) Soul power! (Soul power!) Soul power! (Soul power!) I am (I am) somebody! (somebody!) I am (I am) somebody! (somebody!) Sock it to me! (Sock it to me!)"

If I seem the slightest bit flippant about the significant phenomenon behind this take-over of soul jazz by the home of gospel music, it is because the musical content in this instance is pretty dire. It doesn't help that *Marabi, Walk tall* and *Oh babe* have already been better done on earlier albums and, in fact, nothing at all happens on *Walk* and the title-track, doubtless thanks to heavy editing; only *Marabi* (with the calypso beat and the archetypal 4-bar chord-sequence, cf. *Don't stop the carnival)* will warm the hearts of fellow Cannonball admirers. Nat just gets worse and worse, but at least one can get a laugh from the fact that even his "blues singing" has to be borrowed from someone else, in this case Clark Terry. A reissue of that splendid Adderley album with Cleanhead Vinson (suitably reprogrammed) would soon put this in its place.

BRIAN PRIESTLEY

ALBERT AYLER

THE FIRST RECORDINGS:
Albert Ayler (ten); Torbjorn Hultcrantz (bs); Sune Spangberg (d)

Stockholm – October 25, 1962

I'll remember April-1 :: Rollins' tune :: Tune up :: Free

-1 unidentified (presumably Ayler) heard briefly on this track

Sonet SNTF604 (40/9d.) (40½ min.)

HOW CONFUSING it can be to be labelled an avant-garde-lover is highlighted by records such as this not-so-recent issue, which I dislike with what some would think of as mere intolerance but I choose to call discernment. For instance, I have complained before of the mild barracking Ornette Coleman received at Croydon in 1965 but, when after 1min.45 secs. of Ayler's *April* the audience begins chanting "Off! Off'!!, I heartily concur with them. (Incidentally, this appears to have been recorded in some sort of cavernous (student?) hall before a handful of people, who talk unconcernedly in Swedish during the performance – much better than the old nightclub scene, what?) There are two revealing points about this record. My remarks in the January issue about Ayler's rhythmic inaccuracy – sorry, freedom – are illustrated throughout, especially in the closing theme-statement of *Rollins' tune* (actually the 1953 *No moe,* a sort of ur-*Oleo):* Albert comes in at the wrong place in bar 24, having been thrown by the simple but stodgy beat of his accompanists, and with great uncertainty – sorry, magnanimity – he twice adjusts his phrasing to theirs. The other thing is the clear derivation of his whole style from Rollins (minus Rollins's sense of time, of course), even down to some of the vocabulary and the approach to quotation: *Free,* for instance, has a sardonic version of Tchaikovsky's *Romeo and Juliet* theme, to say nothing of the frequent references to *Sonnymoon for two* on *Rollins'.* (I am not familiar with the original private issue of this session, but the track entitled *Free* appears to be in fact the version of *Moanin',* beginning just after the theme.) From this point of view, the best part of the album is the five minutes following the last recapitulation of *April,* a long cadenza stringing together a fantastic collection of rhythmic cliches and half-remembered melodies (beginning, as Charles Fox points out, with the *Ballet egyptien).* But, when you compare it with Rollins's "Our Man in Jazz", recorded three months earlier, this set is generally nowhere. It is very fortunately supplied with abnormally long gaps between numbers (16 secs. and 19 secs.) and distributed by Transatlantic.

BRIAN PRIESTLEY

ARTHUR 'BIG BOY' CRUDUP

MEAN OLE FRISCO:
Arthur 'Big Boy' Crudup (vcl, g) acc unknown bs; d

New York City – c. 1959

Mean ole Frisco :: Look on yonder wall :: That's alright :: Ethel Mae :: Too much competition :: Standing at my window :: Rock me, mama :: Greyhound bus :: Coal black mare :: Katie Mae :: Dig myself a hole :: So glad you're mine

Blue Horizon Ⓜ 7-63855 (39/11d.)

YOU WOULD scarcely think, upon meeting Arthur Crudup, that here was one of the major figures in the blues of the 1940s. A dignified and unobtrusive man, both on stage and off, he does not seem quite the stuff of which recording stars are made. Nor, indeed, do his old records preserve all the qualities which the race market found in them twenty-five years or so ago. Compared with the brash music of the younger postwar artists, Crudup's performances seem measured, even dull. It is difficult not to be reminded of Walter Davis.

Like Davis, Crudup was appreciated for what he said rather than for the way in which he said it. His was a simple poetry, but by no means an artless one; the structure of his songs was defined by catchwords and repetitions, and many pieces had a coherence that appealed to other singers. Thus – though there is hardly any textual similarity – Crudup's 1946 *Ethel Mae,* together with the following year's *Katie Mae* (to the same tune), spurred the *Sally Mae* with which John Lee Hooker began his recording career in 1948; and through Hooker the song passed to the obscure Detroit Slim, in whose hands it became *Nelly Mae.* Hooker's popular *I'm in the mood,* looked back to a Crudup original; so did Jimmy Rogers's *The world is in a tangle* (compare *Dig myself a hole);* so, as everyone knows, did Presley's *That's all right* and *My baby left me.* And probably *Look on yonder wall (Hand me down my walking cane)* was diffused as widely by Crudup's version as by

that of the composer, James "Beale Street" Clarke, until Elmore James picked it up.

It was through the Victors of the late '40s and early '50s that Crudup left his mark upon the blues, but it is not irrelevant to talk of them here, since these performances from the end of the '50s do not differ significantly from the earlier work. The album — originally on Fire LP103, now very rare — collects most of the hits, and the new treatments have much the same instrumental colouring. There is a camaraderie, as you might say, between bass, drums and Crudup's ascetic guitar-playing, which makes the trio remarkably listenable. The singer himself is on good form and has been well recorded. 30½ minutes make a sensible playing time, for it would be idle to claim that Crudup's work has much melodic variety; but I can think of few better ways to spend a half-hour among the recent releases. As well as being shorter and cheaper, this album is also incomparably better than the Delmark which I reviewed in March 1969.

TONY RUSSELL

MILES DAVIS

BITCHES BREW:
Miles Davis (tpt, el-tpt-1); Wayne Shorter (sop); Chick Corea (el-p); Dave Holland (bs); Jack de Johnette (d); Jim Riley (perc)
New York City — late 1969

Sanctuary
add Bennie Maupin (bs-clt); Joe Zawinul, Larry Young (el-p); John McLaughlin (el-g); Harvey Brooks (el-bs); Lenny White, Charles Alias (d)
same date

Spanish key-1 :: Pharaoh's dance-1 :: Miles runs the voodoo down-2 :: John Mclaughlin-2,3 :: Bitches brew-1,4
2-Zawinul out; 3-Davis and Shorter out; 4-Young out

CBS 66236 (2-LP set) (59/11d.) (92½ mins)

IN THE March 1968 issue, I suggested that Miles was attaining for the second time in his career a position of preeminence "with almost everyone in the field continually waiting to see what he would do next and then imitating it to the best of their ability". How true this was has become more apparent in the past 2½ years: of the three other new releases I have reviewed this month, tha Bobby Hutcherson is closest to Miles's most recent work (heavily disguised by the use of voices), while Joe Henderson plays Miles of 4 or 5 LPs ago, and the cornet contributions to the Adderley album go back about 10 LPs earlier than that. Of course, you only need to think of some other figures who have exerted widespread influence to realize that this doesn't automatically make Miles the most creative or the most relevant leader working today, but I happen to believe that he is. It may only be a brief reign this time but, for the moment, he has taken all the ideas that have been in the wind during the last decade (jazz-rock, "progressive" white blues, avant-gardism, electronics, and Miles music) and moulded them into something unique and successful on its own terms. Whether everyone else will spend the whole of this decade trying to develop it, or whether it will be a dead end, I don't know, but "Bitches Brew" is an achievement on the same scale as "Sketches Of Spain".

By comparison with the recent "In A Silent Way", which was not so much a false start as a lapse of quality control, this is in a different class altogether. In all his recordings of the last several years, Miles himself has played a discreet, catalytic role and, when he does it badly (as on "Silent Way"), there's just nothing there. Here, however, he performs magnificently, especially during the title-track and the slow *Sanctuary,* which begins like a far-out *I fall in love too easily* with a free improvized duet between Miles and Chick Corea. Corea's work on this closing piece almost makes one think he could have done the whole album alone, but the interweaving of the two (or three) electric pianos is done with a textural delicacy worthy of Sun Ra (who may also have influenced the most unDolphyesque use of bass-clarinet as part of the rhythm-section). Wayne Shorter, as he did at Hammersmith last October sounds a trifle ill at ease in the midst of all this varied activity, but the use of electronics is generally convincing, whether it's rigging the recording balance or the different kinds of echo on some of the trumpet solos (seemingly not added to the tape but created with a Varitone-type amplifier), and only the editing of the title-track may cause some doubts: for instance, the 2min. 50secs. introduction is actually the finale, and the phrase after the intro is repeated several times, while there are several obvious repeats in the opening section of *Pharaoh's dance.*

Anyway, fascinated though I am by these details, I am forced to agree with Ralph Gleason that "if the art makes it we don't need to know and if the art doesn't make it knowing is the most useless thing in life". This makes it.

BRIAN PRIESTLEY

PAUL GONSALVES

HUMMING BIRD:
Kenny Wheeler (tpt); David Horler (tbn); Paul Gonsalves (ten); Stan Tracey (p); Dave Green (bs); Benny Goodman (d)
London — 1969

Humming bird :: X.O.X.
Kenny Wheeler (tpt-1); Paul Gonsalves (ten-2); Alan Branscombe (p); Kenny Napper (bs); Benny Goodman (d)
London — 1969

Medley (Body and Soul -1 :: What is there to say :: It's the talk of the town-2) :: In a mellow tone-2
add David Horler (tbn)
same date

All the things you are -1,2 :: Sticks -1,2 :: Almost you -1,2

Deram SML (M DML) 1064 (39/11d.)

UNDATED, but if I suggest this was recorded before 1970, Brian Priestley will probably write in saying Benny Goodman was still in knee pants. As on his earlier recordings with British musicians, Gonsalves seems to enjoy taking advantage of the relative freedom these sessions provide and displays a wide breadth of expression. Tracey's *X.O.X.* is the most adventurous number, with Tracey in very quizzical mood (but Gonsalves only just makes up for the awful *cliche* with which he starts his solo). *Humming bird,* though a *bossa nova,* is remarkably successful, largely because Gonsalves's serpentine phrasing is natural for the idiom; he brightens up the other *b.n., Almost you,* though the rather sour opening ensemble and pseudo-'free' ending are a bit dim. Do not quail at the threat of a medley: Wheeler's show piece is good and Gonsalves's grows on one. He uses a convoluted, breathy style, like a knotted-up Ben Webster, before moving to a harder tone recalling Hawkins in the 'sixties. Webster's touch is also apparent on *In a mellow tone* (alias *Rose room)* which is pleasant if rather pedestrian except when Gonsalves is playing. On *All the things you are* Branscombe provides much of the gold (and so does Wheeler). This and *Sticks* have rather tedious 'fours' between Wheeler and Gonsalves. (Indeed, for me *Sticks* is the sleeper of the L.P.: hackneyed soul with clatter by courtesy of Goodman.) But on the whole this is a better than average issue of its kind, partly because the British musicians are good but mainly because it gives Gonsalves the chance to show that he is a musician of more character and subtlety than his obligations with Ellington might lead one to expect.

JOHN POSTGATE

JOE HENDERSON

POWER TO THE PEOPLE:
Mike Lawrence (tpt); Joe Henderson (ten); Herbie Hancock (p-1, el-p-2); Ron Carter (bs-3, el-bs-4); Jack de Johnette (d)
New York City — May 23, 1969

Power to the people-2,4 :: Afro-centric-2,4
Lawrence out
New York City — May 29, 1969

Black Narcissus-2,3 :: Isotope-1,3 :: Lazy afternoon-1,3 :: Opus one-point-five-1,3 :: Foresight and afterthought-3

CBS Milestone 64068 (39/11d.) (42½ mins.)

WERE IT not for the fact that long-standing readers might remember how singularly ill-fitted I am to make the point, I would be tempted to say that Joe Henderson is today's Charles Lloyd. Although this country never suffered from stage-managed Lloydmania, people were deceived by their ears into thinking that an essentially minor artist was a significant synthesizer, simply because the latest avant-garde developments were too far out for comfort and any kind of middle way was therefore welcome. If there is a distinction between them, it is that Lloyd in retrospect was better as a fairly wild rabble-rouser and just too self-conscious as a poetic melodist, whereas Henderson is a con-

vincing straight-ahead Rollins man who finds it hip to freak out every few minutes. (By the way, there is one Rollins phrase a couple of bars before the first drum-break on *Isotope* which is so absolutely perfect that it reminds me of the one Gillespie phrase Red Rodney captured on the "Bebop" LP reviewed August 1969.) Really, I've heard all of this already on the Freddie Hubbard album last month because, considerations of cost apart, Lawrence is very much in a Hubbard bag and the excellent Jack de Johnette is for the most part fairly subdued. The main virtue of such a record is that, with a fairly average soloist, one is able more easily to absorb the advances in rhythm-section work of the last few years, the sort of things which are now second nature to Hancock and Carter but still worthy of close study. Actually, it's quite a nice record.

BRIAN PRIESTLEY

BOBBY HUTCHERSON

NOW!:
Harold Land (ten); Bobby Hutcherson (vib); Kenny Barron (p); Wally Richardson (el-g); Herbie Lewis (bs); Joe Chambers (d); Candido Camero (cga); Gene McDaniels, Christine Spencer, Hilda Harris, Albertine M.Robinson (vcl)

New York City — 1969

Now-1 :: Hello to the wind

Stanley Cowell (p-2, el-p-3); Eileen Gilbert, Maeretha Stewart (vcl) replace Barron, Harris and Robinson

same period

Slow change-3 :: The creators'-3 :: Black heroes 2,4

1-Camero and Land out; 4-Camero out

Blue Note BST84333 (47/6d.) (35½ mins.)

BASICALLY, this is just the Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land Quintet with trimmings and, objectively speaking, it's even true that the trimmings are used fairly discreetly. But, in fact, the trendy addition of two studio musicians and four definitely un-studio singers is the be-all and (as far as I am concerned) end-all of the album. Gene McDaniels *hit-parade contender of ten years ago and now songwriter, is* featured on all except one number carrying the theme-statements, with the three girls ethereating in the background; his sound is midway between Mark Murphy and Johnny Mathis (that's not just a joke — I've spent a long time arriving at a satisfactory comparison!) with on *Hello* a touch of the Leon Thomas syndrome, symptomized by strange nasal noises and bouts of yodelling. The best, and the longest, track is largely instrumental apart from a Holstian harmonization of the words "The creator" (despite being consistently spelt on the sleeve with a "s" and the apostrophe discarded from "Bitches Brew") and here Land comes on strong in 7/4. Some of the writing is attractive and quite ambitious *(Hello* and *Heroes)* but the singing, full of amateurish inaccuracies yet lacking the raw vitality of Eddie Gale's albums, is nowhere near doing it justice. As for the words, the message may be same as Cannonball Adderley's (see above) but at least he is reaffirming the tradition of black music, whereas this whole affair — Harold Land apart — is pretty effete. Of course, one is given fair warning by the sleeve which, as well as the legend "Produced by Duke Pearson", bears a terribly twee text, terminating thus:— "It's just a big trip . . . then it's the end of the trip . . . maybe . . .who knows?" "Could you face a rerun?". Frankly, no.

BRIAN PRIESTLEY

HUMPHREY LYTTELTON

21 YEARS ON — HUMPHREY LYTTELTON AND HIS TRADITIONAL JAZZ BAND:
Humphrey Lyttelton (tpt, clt-1); Keith Christie (tbn); Wally Fawkes (clt); Mike Pyne (p); Charley Bentley (bj); David Green, (bs); Peter Staples (d). Various members of band (vcl-2)

Conway Hall, London — May 31, 1969

Fidgety feet :: Mezz's tune :: Beale Street blues :: Cakewalkin' babies -1 :: Snake rag :: Bucket's got a hole in it :: Ce monsieur qui parle :: Panama rag :: The old grey mare -2

omit Bentley

same date

Medley (Blues for an unknown gypsy :: Blue for Waterloo :: Suffolk air) -1 :: I'll close my eyes

omit Lyttelton, Fawkes, Bentley

same date

Gone with the wind

Polydor 583 069/070 (59/8d.)

"IN THIS concert", writes Lyttelton in his sleeve note, "we came together with no point to make, nothing to prove". Which, to paraphrase Stephen Leacock, is a flat lie, but Heaven will pardon him for it. Humph has been making points of principle about jazz for at least 22 years now and familiarity with its substance will not obscure the present one: that jazz can be traditional without being hidebound. Actually, it does not make its point very well because, presumably in recognition of the special anniversary nature of the re-union, the tunes are a set of rather worn out traddy numbers which, while falling effortlessly to the now experienced fingers of the musicians, do not provide much in the way of inspiration. Certainly the collective sympathy which brought coherence to these musicians' earlier strivings has gone (though oddly enough the curious rhythmic stolidity of Lyttelton's earlier jazz is somehow conjured up again, despite the superiority of the rhythm section). But should one be taking an issue of this kind so seriously? Of course not. It was obviously a thoroughly jolly session, proving that the old war horses were still game for a good bash, that a banjo need not muck up the rhythm section (well, not *too* much), that years with Dankworth still leave a man able to blow some rorty tailgate, that one can still get the old Mezzrow-Bechet bit weaving and knitting. The balance is poor and there are clinkers (Humph says he did not feel that editing would be worth the trouble). *I'll close my eyes* has the only moments of real jazz interest (Pyne's Wilsonish solo); the rest is ebullient froth for those deluded by the title of the series of concerts: "Jazz is alive and well". It is not, but these two discs will enable many to forget its parlous state for an hour or so.

JOHN POSTGATE

MAGIC SAM

MAGIC SAM (1937—1969):
Magic Sam (vcl, g); acc Little Brother Montgomery (p); Mack Thompson (bs-g); Billie Stepney (d)

Chicago — 1957

1014 *All your love*
1015 *Love me with a feeling*
1030 *Everything gonna be alright*
1031 *Look whatcha done*

MAGIC SAM (vcl, g) acc Harold Burrage (p); Mack Thompson (bs-g); Willie Dixon (bs); Odie Payne (d)

Chicago — 1958

1038 *All night long-1*
1039 *All my whole life*

SHAKEY JAKE AND WILLIE DIXON BAND: Shakey Jake (vcl) acc unknown (p) Magic Sam (g); Syl Johnson (bs-g); Willie Dixon (bs); unknown (d)

Chicago — 1958

C-1048 *Roll your money maker-1*
C-1049 *Call me if you need me*

1- vocal by group

MAGIC SAM (vcl, g) acc Harold Burrage (p); Mack Thompson (bs-g); Willie Dixon (bs); Odie Payne (d)

Chicago — 1958

C-1054 *Easy baby*
C-1055 *21 days in jail*

MAGIC SAM (vcl-2, g) acc unknown p, bs-g, d

Chicago — 1957/58

Magic rocker :: Love me this way-2

Note: These sides probably come from one of the above sessions.

Blue Horizon Ⓜ 7-63223 (39/11d.)

SOME CARE has been taken over this album, which is as good a tribute to Magic Sam as could have been devised. It groups all eight of the Cobra sides, two unissued titles and two accompaniments from the same period. The sound quality is reasonable — though the Shakey Jake titles seem a trifle distorted — and the playing time is slightly less than 32 minutes.

Martin Williams remarked, some time ago, that reissue albums often did an artist a disservice by putting in close proximity recordings

that were originally issued months or years apart. That this argument has some force is shown in several places here; *All night long* is an unashamed remake of *All your love, Love me this way* follows the same lines as *Easy baby.* In Sam's defence it must be said that these repetitions do not jar: if there is monotony in the LP it is due not to the leader, nor to the groups, but to the recording engineer, hung up on the boxed-in sound. The balance generally favours Sam and the drummer — there is some very fine drumming here, for example Payne's in *All night long* — and the pianist gets short shrift. (So much so that Leadbitter and Slaven do not list one at all for the Shakey Jake coupling; but there *is* someone at the keyboard if you strain to hear him.)

One need play only three or four tracks to perceive Sam's powers; *All your love* and *Easy baby* are among the best slow blues of the late '50s, while *Love me with a feeling* and *21 days in jail* move with great spirit. The stops are nearly all out on the Shakey Jake sides, particularly *Call me.* The verve of these performances compensates for their rather dreary themes. *Magic rocker* and *Love me this way,* the hitherto unissued Cobra recordings, are good, though they break no new ground. (As a discographical note, I suggest that these two items may account for the missing matrices — or perhaps one should say control numbers — in the Cobra/Artistic file, C-1052 and C-1053; in which case perhaps they were intended for release before Cobra 5029, *Easy/Jail.)*

Sam's career was on the upward curve, after many years of struggle, when he visited Britain last year; his death a few weeks later was therefore specially bitter news. Because it may help his family, and because it is an honest record of his considerable talent, I recommend this album to everyone who cared at all for Sam's music.

TONY RUSSELL

HERBIE MANN

CONCERTO GROSSO IN *D* BLUES:
Herbie Mann (fl); Roy Ayers (vib); Sonny Sharrock (g); Ron Carter (bs); Bruno Carr (d); "Symphonic Orchestra" (Hans Arlt, concertmaster) conducted by William Fischer
Concerto grosso in D blues
omit "Symphonic Orchestra", add Brass Ensemble
Sense of no return
omit Brass Ensemble, add Double String Quartet.
Wailing wall :: My little ones

Atlantic 2465 005 (42/6d.)

I REMEMBER being shown a prized possession of an obscure Roman Catholic College in upstate New York: a large model of Chartres Cathedral made entirely out of postage stamps. There seems to be a new word, *kitsch,* for what is a very old concept: pseudo-artistic creation with so complete a disregard for taste that it gains a sort of grotesque integrity of its own. I wish I could say that this record was in this class, but it is not. It is not even funny (though it gets near to parody in the atonal gub-gubblings about 1½ inches into the *Concerto* (which occupies a whole side). Perhaps I could excuse it as not being intended as jazz — but I am afraid it *is* so intended. Perhaps it should have gone to a reviewer more receptive to "Third Stream", but who? I dutifully report that this is a hard-working effort which may conceivably appeal to those less convinced than I of the utter sterility of these attempts to fuse jazz and orthodox idioms.

JOHN POSTGATE

JOE SAMPLE TRIO

TRY US:
Joe Sample (p); Red Mitchell (bs); J.C. Moses (d)
Stockholm — c. May 1969
Fancy dance : The children's song :: All the lonely years :: Another blues :: Svenska flicks :: Old town

Sonet SNTF611 (40/9d.) (37 mins)

THIS WAS released here about the same time as the Ayler reviewed above and, like many Transatlantic issues, has not been listed in the "Gramophone" Catalogue (entirely due to the inefficiency of the record company, one might add). This is a pity because non-"names" don't sell well at the best of times — and this isn't the best of times for jazz — but here is one of the more refreshing albums I've heard recently. Perhaps it's simply because Joe Sample was firmly pigeonholed in my mind as the pianist with that rather boring group, the Jazz Crusaders, but as a trio pianist he is much more interesting: within a basic Herbie Hancock-influenced style, he displays some original harmonic ideas and a fiery virtuosity that goes right back to the spirit, if not the letter, of Bud Powell. He has too a fine sense of time, and the cross-rhythms flying between him and J.C. Moses (even, in fact especially, on the 8-to-the-bar *Svenska)* bring him to the brink of disaster, but no farther.

His rhythmic sense indeed is stronger than his melodic inspiration, at least in solo, and the undeniably attractive themes sometimes have complex chord-sequences which reduce the improvization to mere decoration. (A problem in Martin William's new *Jazz Tradition* book is his failure to draw a line between "thematic improvization"and thematic decoration.) Red Mitchell too gets a bit hung up on the chords of *Fancy* but elsewhere he is all there — if a little under-recorded — and it's nice to hear again the supple tone and the unorthodox 'cello tuning (down to bottom C) which he introduced on Booker Ervin's Pacific Jazz LP "Structurally Sound" (probably the only jazz record he made in the last several years before coming to Europe, and incidentally playing two weeks in London earlier this year). Ultimately, the tunes are the most stimulating aspect of the album, with a 24-bar ABA format on *Fancy* and a 17-bar chorus in *Years,* but it is a most pleasant record which certainly grows on you.

BRIAN PRIESTLEY

CLARK TERRY

CLARK TERRY AT THE MONTREUX JAZZ FESTIVAL WITH THE INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL BIG BAND:
Clark Terry (tpt-1, fl-h-2, vcl-3, pocket tpt and mouthpiece-4); Richard Rousselet, Rudolf Tomsits, Franja Jenc, Hans Kennel (tpt); Raymond Droz, Zdenec Pulec, Frode Thingnes (tbn); Eero Koivistoinen, Erik Andresen (alt); Bruno Spoerri (ten); Ernie Wilkins (ten, arr); Dave Pike (vib); George Vukan (p); Louis Stewart (g); either Benoit Charvet or Hugo Rasmussen (bs); Franco Manzecchi (d); Steve Boston (conga-5);
Casino de Montreux, Switzerland — June 22, 1969
Swiss air -1,2 :: All too soon -5 :: Stardust -2,5 :: Broadway Joe -1,5 :: Mumbling in the Alps -1,3 :: Levee Camp blues 3,4

Polydor 2482 013 (29/10d.)

THIS PERSONNEL list is deduced from the sleeve note and list of soloists; the latter gives the solo order, which is essential, but surprisingly omits Terry's long blues solo after the piano on *Broadway Joe.* As festival big bands go, this one was pretty good. Terry and Ernie Wilkins had drilled it into fairly good shape and the only weak moments occur when the rhythm section begins to tire about halfway through *Broadway Joe* and when, on the same track, Spoerri is momentarily thrown by Terry over-running into his solo space. Having a leader who could do anything on the trumpet, period, saves us from the worst excesses of showmanship on the part of the rest of the brass, only Pulec being moved to muck about (on *Swiss air).* I can hardly think that any soloist other than the principals, Terry and Wilkins, do much for themselves on an occasion like this, but the standard is noticeably high, particularly the two altos. Wilkins's feature *All too soon,* is pretty and ephemeral; Terry's *Stardust* is quite superb despite a lapse in sound quality (the recording tape broke down and a second tape, being made by Swiss radio, was used for the disc). The mumbling bit is much as usual; I am afraid I have now had enough of it but it *is* funny the first few times so many will enjoy it. Terry himself is on fine form throughout and the audience is well behaved and only noisy at the ends of numbers. A good festival record — better, for instance, than many of Hampton's live recordings — and reasonably well recorded.

JOHN POSTGATE

Our Next Issue

WILL INCLUDE the first part of a lengthy and interesting 'Musicians Talkin' feature by pianist Norman Simmons, reviews of recent books including the Studio Vista blues series, and, providing that a bout of unseasonal influenza has departed, the twice deferred RCA Victor record reviews.

MARION BROWN DISCOGRAPHY / BARRY TEPPERMAN

ARCHIE SHEPP QUARTET – FOUR DAYS IN DECEMBER
Archie Shepp (ten); Marion Brown (alt); unknown bs; d
Judson Hall, New York City – December 31, 1964

(unknown titles)		Fontana(H) unissued

ARCHIE SHEPP
Ted Curson (tpt); Joseph Orange (tbn); Archie Shepp (ten); Marion Brown (alt); Reggie Johnson (bs); Joe Chambers (d)
New York City – February 16, 1965

90249	*The girl from Ipanema*	Impulse A(S) 86
90250	*Prelude to a kiss*	–
90251	*Hambone*	–
90252	*Los Olvidados*	–

ARCHIE SHEPP – NEW WAVE IN JAZZ:
Virgil Jones (tpt); Astley Fennell (tbn); Archie Shepp (ten); Marion Brown (alt); Fred Pirtle (bar); Reggie Johnson (bs); Roger Blank (d)
Village Gate, New York City – March 28, 1965

Hambone	Impulse A(S)90, HMV(E) CLP1932
(other titles unknown)	Impulse unissued

BILL DIXON:
Bill Dixon (tpt, fl-h., arr, composer, dir); Marion Brown, probably Robin Kenyatta (alt); others unknown
New York City – April 1965
Sound track to film 'The Dissenters' (U.S. Information Agency)
New York City – c. June 1965
Sound track to film 'Wealth of a Nation' (U.S. Information Agency)

JOHN COLTRANE ORCHESTRA:
Freddie Hubbard, Dewey Johnson (tpt); John Coltrane, Pharoah Sanders, Archie Shepp (ten); Marion Brown, John Tchicai (alt); McCoy Tyner (p); Art Davis, Jimmy Garrison (bs); Elvin Jones (d)
New York City – June 28, 1965

90321	*Ascension 1*	Impulse A(S) 95, HMV(E) CLP/CSD3543
90321	*Ascension 1* (alt. take)	Impulse A(S) 95
90322	*Ascension 11*	Impulse A(S) 95, HMV(E) CLP/CSD 3543
90322	*Ascension 11* (alt.take)	Impulse A(S) 95

Note: Both takes of *Ascension* were issued, without differentiation except for numerals carved in the disc matrix, on Impulse A(S) 95; earlier issues of A(S) 95 have the initial take, while more recent issues carry the alternate take.

MARION BROWN QUARTET:
Alan Shorter (tpt, fl-h); Marion Brown (alt); Ronnie Boykins, Reggie Johnson (bs); Rashied Ali (d)
New York City – November 1965

Capricorn moon	ESPdisk 1022, Fontana (E) SFJL930

omit Boykins

same date

27 Cooper Square ESPdisk 1022, 1033, Fontana(E) SFJL930

omit Shorter; Benny Maupin (ten) added

same date

Exhibition ESPdisk 1022, Fontana(E) SFJL930

Note: 27 Cooper Square is not present on some copies of ESP1022 and is issued in abbreviated form on ESPdisk 1033 (ESP disk sampler, Vol.1)

BURTON GREENE QUARTET:

Marion Brown (alt); Frank Smith (ten); Burton Greene (p, p-harp, perc); Henry Grimes (bs); Dave Grant (d, perc)

New York City — December 18, 1965

Taking it out of the ground ESPdisk 1024

omit Smith

same date

Cluster quartet :: Bloom in the commune ESPdisk 1024

Tom Price (d) replaces Grant

same date

Ballade 11 ESPdisk 1024

ANDREW HILL QUARTET:

Marion Brown (alt); Andrew Hill (p); unknown bs; d

Detroit — March 1966

(unknown titles) private recording

DETROIT CONTEMPORARY FOUR WITH MARION BROWN:

Charles Moore (tpt, fl-h); Marion Brown (alt); Kenny Cox (p); probably Ron Brooks (bs); probably Danny Spencer (d)

Detroit — March 1966

(unknown titles) private recording

SUNNY MURRAY'S TURN OF THE CENTURY BAND:

Grachan Moncur III (tbn); Marion Brown (alt); possibly Perry Robinson (clt); Alan Silva and/or Henry Grimes (bs); Sunny Murray (d)

New York City — c. Spring 1966

(unknown titles) Pixie unissued

Note: It is not certain that this recording was actually made

MARION BROWN — THE EAST VILLAGE OTHER:

Marion Brown (alt); Scott Holt (bs); Ronald Jackson (d)

New York City — probably August 6, 1966

Jazz improv ESPdisk 1034

(unknown titles) unissued

MARION BROWN QUARTET:

Marion Brown (alt); Stanley Cowell (p); Norris Jones (bs); Rashied Ali (d)

New York City — October 23, 1966

LaSorrella ESPdisk 1040

Fortunato —

Why not —

Homecoming —

MARION BROWN:

Alan Shorter (tpt, fl-h); Grachan Moncur III (tbn); Marion Brown (alt); Benny Maupin (ten); Dave Burrell (p); Reggie Johnson (bs); Beaver Harris (d)

New York City — November 1966

512 East Fontana (H) 881.012ZY

The visitor —

Juba-Lee —

Iditus —

Grachan Moncur III (tbn); Marion Brown (alt); Dave Burrell (p); Norris Jones (bs); Bobby Capp or Beaver Harris (d)

New York City — December 1, 1966

New blue Impulse A(S) 9139

Fortunato —

The shadow knows —

Stanley Cowell (p) replaces Burrell

same date

Spooks Impulse A(S) 9139

West India —

Delicado —

MARION BROWN QUINTET:

Marion Brown (alt); Benny Maupin (ten); probably Dave Burrell (p); probably Norris Jones (bs); probably Beaver Harris (d)

Town Hall, New York City — December 31, 1966

(unknown titles) private recording

Note: This performance was part of a concert arranged and sponsored by New York radio station WBAI-FM, and may have been recorded for broadcast. Other groups appearing were those of John Coltrane and Ornette Coleman.

JACQUES COURSIL:

Jacques Coursil (tpt); Marion Brown (alt); others unknown

New York City — c. early 1967

(unknown titles) ESPdisk unissued

Note: This session may be the one recorded by Pixie records in the spring of 1966, evidently sold to another company after Pixie's collapse.

MARION BROWN QUARTET:

Marion Brown (alt); Jean Fresnas (p); Bab Guerin (bs); Eddy Gaumont (d)

Paris — November 1, 1967

Exhibition private recording

107 Rue de Vaugirard —

MARION BROWN:

Marion Brown (alt); Maarten van Regteren Altena (bs); Han Bennink (d)

Amsterdam — December 1967

Similar limits Polydor (E) 583.724

Sound structure —

Improvisation —

QBIC —

Porto Novo —

MARION BROWN TRIO:

Previous personnel

TV Broadcast, Paris — c. January 1968

(unknown titles) private recording

Marion Brown (alt); Barre Phillips (bs); Aldo Romano (d)

Rome — February 21, 1968

Cubic private recording

Sound structure —

MARION BROWN QUARTET:

Marion Brown (alt); Gunter Hampel (vib); Barre Phillips (bs); Steve McCall (d)

Paris — March 16, 1968

Current events private recording

612 Airegin Street —

Molde Jazz Festival, Norway — July/August 1968

(unknown titles) private recording

Note: This performance was recorded by Norwegian Radio-Television. It has been reported that Brown also performed during the festival with the Jan Garbarek (ten) group, but this could not be confirmed. The festival extended from July 27 to August 3, 1968.

MARION BROWN QUINTET:

Ambrose Jackson (tpt, perc); Marion Brown (alt, bells); Gunter Hampel (vib, perc, bcl); Barre Phillips (bs, perc, whistle); Steve McCall (d, perc); Alain Corneau (perc-1)

Paris — c. September 1968

Le temps fou Polydor (F) 658.142

Cascatelles —

Song for Serge and Helle —

Boat rock —

Ye ye —

En arriere-1 —

Note: The above is the sound track to the film 'Le Temps Fou' (director, Marcel Camus), the music being written by Brown.

MARION BROWN/GUNTER HAMPEL QUINTET:

As previous personnel except Buschi Niebergall (bs) replaces Phillips

Concert, Modernes Theatre, Munich — September 20, 1968

Gesprachsfetzen Calig(G) 30.601

Exhibit A-1 —
Babudah (take 1) —
Aba (take 1) —
Tomorrow is the beginning of the end of yesterday —
Aba (take 2) —
-1 Marion Brown unaccompanied alto solo on this track.
Note: Information from Calig Records indicates that, although two versions of *Aba* and *Babudah* were performed at this concert, only one of the two takes was issued; however, it is not certain which take was actually used in the final issue.

KARL BERGER TOTAL MUSIC ENSEMBLE:
Becky Friend (fl); Marion Brown (alt); Karl Berger (vib); Alan Silva (cls, bs); Kent Carter (bs); Jacques Thollot (d)
Hamburg — December 1968
Tune In:
1. *Diacord* Radio broadcast
2. *E.D.* —
3. *Blue early Bird* —
4. *Tune in* —

MARION BROWN:
Valerie Wilmer reports receiving a tape made by Brown in early 1969 featuring Brown (alt, g); an unidentified friend, and three unidentified children playing homemade instruments. The date, personnel, circumstances, or location of the recording are not known.

MARION BROWN — INTERNATIONAL HOLY HILL JAZZ MEETING:
Marion Brown (alto solo)
Heiligenberg, Germany — July 6, 1969
In memory of John Coltrane Meno Liechtenstein and CB Records (G) 67/69
Note: Brown does not appear on further titles from this concert. Brown worked sporadically with Bill Dixon groups during 1966, and possibly earlier, so it is conceivable but by no means certain that he participated on the following sessions:—

BILL DIXON SEXTET — FOUR DAYS IN DECEMBER:
Bill Dixon (tpt, fl-h); Robin Kenyatta, possibly Marion Brown (alt); others unknown
Judson Hall, New York City — December 28, 1964
(unknown titles) Fontana(H) unissued

BILL DIXON:
Bill Dixon (tpt, fl-h); Robin Kenyatta, probably Marion Brown (alt); others unknown
New York City — late 1965/early 1966
Metamorphosis private recording
Dixon also composer, arranger, director
New York City — c. early 1966
Soundtrack to film 'Index 1966' (Producer, Gene Friedman)
Concert, Judson Memorial Church, New York City — c. Summer 1966
Metamorphosis 1962—1966 private recording
(other titles unknown)
Acknowledgements: The work and aid of the following people was invaluable in the compilation of this listing:— Bryan Armstrong, Patrick Burke, Bill Dixon, Michael Hames, Don Heckman, Jorgen Grunnet Jepson, Heike Nehren (Calig Records), John Norris, Keith Thompson, Erik Raben, Elisabeth Van Der Mei.

Harry James British Tour

HARRY JAMES and his Orchestra are undertaking their first British tour during September/October, dates being as follows:—
September, Sat.26—London, Royal Festival Hall; Sun.27—Wolverhampton, Grand Theatre; Mon.28—Birmingham Town Hall; Tues. 29—Bristol, Colston Hall; Wed.30—Wakefield, Theatre Club; October, Thu.1—Sheffield, City Hall; Fri.2—Manchester, Free Trade Hall; Sat.3—Southport, Floral Hall; Sun.4 Leicester, De Montfort Hall; Mon.5—Hull, Cecil Theatre.

BOOK REVIEW

JAZZ PEOPLE by Valerie Wilmer. (Published by Allison and Busby, London. 167 pp, price 30/-)

IT IS ALL to the good that the interviews Miss Wilmer chose for inclusion in this book were conducted for the most part with instrumentalists of the second rank, since the facts and opinions elicited relate to environmental and social factors rather than to purely musical questions, and as a result the reader gets a more accurate impression of the circumstances in which jazz is noramlly created today than he might have done from the best-paid players. For dedicated enthusiasts there will be a number of new insights if few real surprises here, apart possibly from the excellent Lockjaw Davis piece which contains a frank appraisal of the mechanics of the jazz booking business, but the relative newcomer to the music will be brought swiftly up against the crudities of the musician's existence. "We made 1,200 dollars each and by the end of the day Fats didn't have ten cents left", says Howard McGhee, recalling the celebrated *Double talk* date. "He kept asking me for money and I just couldn't believe it. It really was pitiful to see such a talent go. He had a big cancerous sore on his shoulder and every time he got high, he'd go to sleep and scratch it." In the same piece McGhee is quite as forthright about his own narcotics problems, and this chapter ranks with Mark Gardner's recent Red Rodney interview in its self-revealing honesty. Addiction, though widespread, is of course but one of the besetting evils of the jazz life: another drawback is the hardfaced obliquity of the standard clubowner. "I want you to come back as a piano soloist", one such gentleman told Cecil Taylor, provoking the expected enraged response; whether such reaction is regarded as justified will depend very much on the favour or otherwise with which the reader views Taylor's known intransigence. Archie Shepp is another who complains bitterly of "the dirty joints around the country they call clubs", though to judge from the general tenor of his remarks one would imagine that white jazz musicians have always seen superior establishments placed at their disposal. In saying this, I do not doubt the truth of his assertions about the economic exploitation of black jazz players, but regret his unwillingness to embrace a broader social perspective. At least Shepp cares about the American power structure and makes his views known in no uncertain way: in this respect one fancies that amongst musicians he is something of an exception. Take Monk, for instance, from whom the author drew much greater verbal response than has been the lot of most interviewers: "I'm not a policeman or a social worker — that's for your social worker to do. I'm not in power. I'm not worrying about politics. Let the statesmen do that — that's their job. They get paid for it." Remarks of this stamp support the hypothesis that Monk's bohemianism is a corollary rather than a challenge to the hallowed American values of progress and competitiveness, which have made themselves felt in jazz to such dire effect. Monk, it seems, has solved the dilemma by isolating himself spiritually from the Great Materialistic Society; Randy Weston has done likewise through a geographical transposition. "It was such a feeling of relief", he says of his move to Morocco. "People are so gentle and kind here, you know, they'll go out of their way to help you." The other performers who feature in this collection — Buck Clayton, Art Farmer, Babs Gonzales, Jimmy Heath, Billy Higgins, Jackie McLean, Clark Terry and Joe Turner, besides those already named

— have succeeded in realizing their individual identities in the face of the stresses Weston has left behind, and the chapters assigned to them do much to illumine the driving forces that have enabled them to attain that end. Perhaps the most interesting of all these remaining pieces is the one devoted to Jimmy Heath, who is under no illusions about the contemporary scene, yet has clearly not been soured by his uncomfortable awareness of the ramifications and power of the publicity machine.

Whilst it is a tribute to the author's understanding, warmth of character, and genuine involvement in the idiom that she has been able to elicit such wholehearted response from her subjects so far as their attitudes to their craft and the difficulties attendant upon such a career are concerned, it must be admitted that these pages offer few fresh insights into the actual music of the players involved. There are only the expected references by these men to whose who have influenced them, and almost no discussion of the musical contexts in which they prefer to work, the repertoires they like best, differing types of rhythm sections, improvisatory methods, etc. It is true that jazz musicians as a tribe tend to shy away from strictly musical discussion — I recall Max Harrison's frustrated efforts to involve Steve Lacy in such a dialogue — but I do feel that the value of this collection would have been enhanced, without technicalities impinging upon its major aims, had the author led discussion more frequently along musical paths, perhaps by the posing of apposite questions with reference to past recordings, for instance. It would have been enlightening to have had Monk's views on Charlie Rouse's ability vis-a-vis of Griffin or Coltrane, or to have heard Lockjaw Davis's opinions on the comparative problems of improvising with the modern Basie outfit on the one hand and the quintet he co-led with Johnny Griffin on the other. So strong is the prejudice amongst players against airing their views on such subjects that I daresay this is rather like crying for the moon; perhaps in the event we were lucky to get gems of the calibre of the following comment by Joe Turner anent the usefulness of arrangements: "There's a lot of time wasted and a lot of energy carrying that stuff around".

For the most part Miss Wilmer has been content to let her subjects do the talking, interspersing their observations with remarks primarily calculated to orientate the tyro enthuasist historically and stylistically. This, I believe, was a wise course granted the book's terms of reference as outlined in the useful introduction; and whilst her style has gained in fluency since her work first appeared in the magazines, it is to be feared that she is still prone to lapse into the banalities of tabloid journalism when left to her own devices. Thus we are told that Billy Higgins is a "shining beacon of achievement", that Buck Clayton is the "debonair son of Parsons, Kansas", and that Lockjaw Davis is "a man amongst men". I would however hazard a guess that she is aware of this failing and it may be hoped that in time cliches such as these will give way to a more personal use of words, as characterized already in this book by her accurate and sardonic reference to Charles Lloyd's "titillating eclecticism". On the grounds of factual accuracy, the author's comments are sound enough, save for one surprising lapse on page 134 when she refers to "1949 . . .the famous Bud Powell session that produced *Double talk".* Discographers usually give September, 1948, as the date of this recording, at which the pianist was of course not Bud Powell, but Milt Jackson.

Despite these shortcomings, there is no doubt that *Jazz People* will prove a useful and enlightening addition to the libraries of most readers, especially those who have only lately come to jazz, and the publishers are to be congratulated on backing an unpretentious and honest initiative of this type at a time when jazz interest is assumed, possibly wrongly, to be in the doldrums. In conclusion it must be said that Miss Wilmer's photographic coverage of these fourteen artists reflects credit not only on her technical expertise but also on her evident appreciation of the emotional content of their music, which I find to be unfailingly conveyed in this visual medium. The suspect masking which detracts from the illustration of Art Farmer is the only flaw in this vivid gallery, from which the limpid portrayal of Randy Weston and the joyous action shot of Billy Higgins emerged as my personal favourites.

MICHAEL JAMES

THE BROTHERHOOD OF BREATH

ANY DISCUSSION of Chris McGregor's big-band, the Brotherhood of Breath, must begin with the statement that it's incredibly rough. Sometimes excitingly and beautifully rough, but rough. By academic standards, it's hardly a band at all. It reminds me of what the old Basie band is said to have sounded like at its New York opening in 1936, i.e. before its earliest recordings:— "If you think the saxes are out of tune, you should listen to the trumpets,and, if you think the trumpets are out of tune, just listen to the trombones." Or, to put it in more contemporary terms, if you think the Mike Westbrook big-band is rough , you should hear the Brotherhood of Breath.

Like the old Basie band, this is very much a collection of soloists, all of them from the younger generation and tending therefore towards the avant-garde, and all of them, with the exception of Skidmore and Griffiths, having next to no big-band experience. One may wonder why such musicians should want to play comparatively traditional, sectional arrangements, except out of admiration for McGregor or perhaps the need to communicate with an audience again. But they do and, if they don't all do it with equal conviction, they do it with enough individuality to pay no more than the necessary lip-service to concepts of section playing. Even when the writing includes some time-honoured rhythmic cliches, the years of not grinding through the same old ideas in perfectly synchronized phrasing with deadly uniform tones conveys a whole new feeling of rediscovery. And, on the ballads (which probably have the most conventional scoring), the band sounds like Ornette Coleman's *Embraceable you* orchestrated for 12 pieces, so that a held chord for five saxes — three with fashionably hard tones and two not, and all with different vibratos — can be thrilling in a way I would not have believed. In fact, the strong sax section led by the returned Dudu Pukwana (after a period in the U.S.A. earning his bread with Hugh Masakela) rather overshadowed the trumpets, who are just too thin. What the band needs here to avoid something amateurish is a real lead trumpeter, with the same style and background as the rest of the players but with sufficient volume to cut through, like Dave Holdsworth in McGregor's previous big-band.

I only ever heard the 1967 band once (although I have never recovered from the experience, and hope I never will) but, by comparison, on August 2nd at the Country Club, Belsize Park, I found some of the writing for the new band rather unenterprising. Even so, it constitutes an intriguing mixture: the shouting flag-wavers manage to avoid the most obvious phrases, and the 8-to-the-bar things have a simple double-time feel of 4 off-beats in each bar rather than the popular rock rhythms (perhaps thanks to the South African heritage of McGregor and drummer Louis Moholo). And,

Personnel:— Mongezi Feza (pkt-tpt, bamboo-fl, perc); Marc Charig (tpt); Malcolm Griffiths, Nick Evans (tbn); Dudu Pukwana, Mike Osborne (alt); Ken Terroade, Alan Skidmore, Evan Parker (ten); Chris McGregor (p, ldr); Harry Miller (bs); Louis Moholo (d)

even though those numbers which don't "take off" seem far too short and therefore anticlimactic, they do provide an adequate and unhackneyed framework for soloists ranging from the boppish Marc Charig to the no-holds-barred Kenneth Terroade. It's interesting too, indeed heart-warming,to note that the McGregor band already has a small nucleus of strongly partisan supporters: even in the first set, when it was all not really happening, they were enthusiastically vocal in their approval. By the way, the second set consisted of jazz-and-poetry with Cosmo Pietserson, and I can't honestly say that it was more successful than it ever is, overall; but the playing of the band, freely improvized around a very basic theme, was tremendously exciting, alternately reined in by Moholo and unleashed to drown out the poetry completely. The final set, which managed to combine some of the freedom of the second with the formal qualities of the first set, was almost worthy of the old band. With more gigs under its belt, the Brotherhood of Breath could become a force in the land.

BRIAN PRIESTLEY

READERS' LETTERS

Further Observations On Observations

OWEN Peterson, in what he terms "Observations", professes to be neither interested in nor knowledgeable about African and Asian music (curiously, he seems to suggest that African music is "irrelevant" to jazz), yet, notwithstanding, he ventures to instruct us in matters pertaining to these musics. He tells us that a Westerner does not hear African or Asian music in the same way" . . . as an Asian or an African does — he hears it in relation to the music of his own culture."
There's obviously an implication that this 'difference' is of some consequence — but what? And if Mr.Peterson feels that this difference is of consequence and import, how should he know? Let us not forget that, to us, jazz is a 'foreign' music.
Mr Peterson seems to be unaware of the unfortunate fact that to many Africans and Asians their indigenous musics are as alien as jazz is to many Black Americans.
Mr Peterson maintains that his contention is "inescapable" and says that an "obvious parallel can be drawn with spoken language" Languages, of course, can be *learned* — but I suggest that, in fact, the comparison is unrealistic and false, for music *can* be heard and understood anywhere, anytime, by anyone. Agreed that extra-musical connotations need to be learned, but this is secondary and not initially important. Just as with jazz, understanding, a little knowledge, experience and so on, 'pay' dividends to the student/lover of Asian or African (or whatever) music. A more realistic comparison would be with food. I can see no reason why a Westerner can't come, with time, to be as discerning in curries as an Indian.
Mr Peterson tells us that "Asian and African music is presumably intelligible to most Asians and Africans, and has wide popular appeal. "How the hell does he know this? What on earth does he mean by Asian music and African music? Brian Priestley's use of these terms in the March *J.M.* is, just about, valid, but they *are* generic terms: in fact African music and, most definitely, Asian music are far *more* diversified than is, or *ever was,* European music. There are not too many places in either Asia or Africa where traditional and Classical musics have "wide popular appeal" — and in many areas this is not an exclusively recent development. In Iran and Bali, for example, the indigenous classical musics are healthy and *alive* because they have been (thankfully!) deliberately and carefully preserved in that condition. In many parts of Asia it is doubtful whether traditional musics would have survived at all without government (and other) assistance. This pattern has only fairly recently been imitated in Africa. This is not to say that Asian and African traditional musics are dead but stuffed, far from it, but it does somewhat belie Mr Peterson's glib assumptions about 'popularity'.
Mr Peterson writes that "the music of Cecil Taylor, John Surman, and (lately) Miles Davis. . . .makes no sense at all to most Westerners — even those who are aware of, and respond to, the jazz tradition." So What? (Incidentally a recent Miles Davis recording was played on an A.F.N. pop music show about a month ago). I'd be the last person to defend the idea that the best art is, by nature, esoteric — but, on the other hand, the undoubted facts that more people listen to Mantovani than to Monteverdi, more people read Robbins than Robbe–Grillet, more people buy the *Melody Maker* than buy *Jazz Monthly,* serve to show that we simply cannot assay quality by measuring popularity. Peterson disclaims any such intention, yet it is significant that he (as does Pleasants) accords popularity the status of a relevant factor.

NONE OF THIS is of too much consequence: but what I find obnoxious in both Peterson and Pleasants is a tendency to inform us not simply of their own reactions but to inform us of the reactions of everyone else — without ever giving us the source or sources of their information. Its difficult not to think that what they're telling us, in fact, is that if they don't like something no one else can or *does.* Those who profess enthusiasm for what they detest are, it is implied, phoneys. (There aren't the same implications in Stanley Dance's writings, though he's quick to seize upon real affectations and pretensions).
Mr Peterson quotes, with apparent approval, Pleasants as saying that jazz " . . . tends to be explicit, direct, straight to the point, abjuring nineteenth-century predilections for contemplation, reflection, introspection, doubt, misgiving and ambivalence . . "
I'd like to quote James Baldwin (from *The Fire Next Time*); in jazz "there is something tart and ironic, authoritative and double-edged. White Americans seem to feel that happy songs are *happy* and sad songs are *sad,* and that, God help us, is exactly the way most white Americans sing them — sounding in both cases, so helplessly defencelessly fatuous that one dare not speculate on the temperature of the deep freeze from which issue their brave and sexless little voices".
It is perhaps *precisely because* jazz *is* often ambivalent that we are entitled to regard it as an art. It is simple-minded and aesthetically naive to regard directness and ambivalence as being opposed — their reconciliation is almost a definition of art. Aren't Parker and Billie Holiday perpetually ambivalent (and I find doubt and misgivings in many fine jazz recordings)? Mr Pleasants's exegesis of jazz might hold true of Artie Shaw and Herb Alpert but its very far from being true of much of the best of jazz.
There are many, far too many, Petersons and Pleasants who create barriers and difficulties in art; all too readily we gullibly accept the existence of these barriers, thereby depriving ourselves of a great deal of pleasure, unaware that the origins of these 'barriers' lie in ignorance. There are too many people who assure us that this or that is 'difficult', so that if and when we confront one of these 'difficult' works of art it *becomes* difficult because of our preconceptions.
A Chinese sage observed that "the great path of Tao is straight and easy": much the same is true of the best art — it is 'difficult' only because *we* bring difficulties with ourselves.

RICHARD RUSH, Bexleyheath, Kent.

The Jazz Scene

AS YOU SAY, there is certainly a state of crisis in the position of jazz as a performer's music. And not only in the States, but in Britain too. The reason is, of course, partly economic — an evening in Ronnie Scott's is going

to set the jazz fan back rather more than the cost of most LPs. But this is only partly true. I find it difficult to believe that it was high prices that caused the failures of Dick Jordan's Dopey Dick's Club. Far from it. For a couple of years Dick presented such people as Buck Clayton, Coleman Hawkins, Ben Webster, Zoot Sims and Al Cohn, Yusef Lateef, Blossom Dearie, Roland Kirk, Max Roach and the best of British musicians. As far as I can recall the highest admission price was 17/6d. for the Roland Kirk quartet. The usual prices ranged from 7/6 to 12/6 — with reductions for club members! And what happened? Dopey Dick's closed with losses over a year running at over £100 a month.

There are many other clubs that struggled on for a few weeks or months with a couple of dozen in the audience in *good* weeks and never managed to get really off the ground.

This whole problem was dicussed at some length in last year's 1st Annual Jazz Convention. (As a matter of fact, this was itself an example of the whole problem; only about eighty people thought it worth going to Central London to talk about and listen to jazz.) But someone there put his finger, I think, on the crux of the matter. He said that most jazz fans would rather stay at home and listen to their records.

Here, of course, we come to the point that you touch upon in your last paragraph. Jazz fans have come to see jazz primarily as a recorded music. And let's face it, if you have a certain amount of money available for entertainment you can only spend it once — records or an evening at a club is quite often the economic choice that has to be made.

But I do suspect that there is a slightly deeper reason for the decision being what it so often is. I believe that many jazz record collectors are simply that — collectors. For them the collection is what matters. What drives them is, not a love for the music but exactly what drives collectors of stamps and engine numbers or birds eggs — a longing for possessions, perhaps, a desire for completeness and various other compulsions. I'm *not* saying they don't love the music — just as other collectors truly love their birds or their jade or what have you. But they forget that jazz is made by people, not by discs of black plastic. Actually, I suppose, they don't really care. If no more jazz was every played, it would still be a lifetime's endeavour to try to *collect* all the records one wanted.

This is not to denigrate records or the collecting of them. Of course not. It's an attempt to suggest why part of the apparently large audience for jazz, which record sales imply is there, doesn't really exist.

I'd like to be proved wrong. Perhaps all that is needed is for the "collectors" to be reminded of the transitory nature of jazz — "the sound of surprise". As Gunther Schuller puts it in his magnificent book *Early Jazz* — itself a witness to the enormous importance of records — "How many great solos were played by Louis outside the recording studio, perhaps only a few hours earlier or later?" Well, if you sit at home with your records you'll miss 'em all'!

RON SALMON, Watford, Herts.

Frank Evans Personnel

I WAS MOST intrigued to read via the August issue of *Jazz Monthly* that Messrs. Pete Blannin and Eddie Taylor were the bass player and drummer respectively on the "77" LP (77SUE12/37—plug) of Frank Evans "Mark Twain Suite".

However I hasten to assure whoever obtained this "inside information" that Messrs. Norman Cole and Eddie Clayton are alive and well, and did in fact perform as indicated on the sleeve.

While writing I would like to congratulate you on the new *Jazz Monthly* format. This months issue is the best and most informative one I've yet seen. Keep up the good work.

DOUG DOBELL, London, W.C.2.

SALUTE TO SATCHMO

Satchelmouth. Louis. Dipper. Pops.
By any name he'd blow and sing as hot.
Now Louis gets a tribute written with dedication and affection by jazz writer Max Jones and trumpeter John Chilton.
Travels, films, records, anecdotes, life.
Foreword by Leonard Feather.
Nineteen pages of photos, some rare.
Contributions by many, many musicians and by Pops himself (oh yeaahh).
It's called Salute to Satchmo.
7/6 at hip booksellers or 8/6 direct from the publishers:
Melody Maker (Sundry Sales Dept.) 161 Fleet Street London EC4

(9) Ghost Band Supreme

ONE OF the most popular British dance bands of the 'thirties became as well known in the United States as it did here, yet technically it didn't exist, for on no single occasion did it broadcast, appear on the halls, or play in a night club. The reason was simple; this 'ghost band' was the house combination of the HMV label, its personnel drawn from the cream of London's musicians, its leader Ray Noble.

Ray Noble, the son of a prominent British surgeon, was born in Brighton in 1907. At the age of twenty he entered an arrangers contest sponsored by the *Melody Maker,* walking away with the first prize of £100, a considerable sum in 1927. His winning arrangement of *There'll come a sometime* was recorded by the house MD of the Zonophone label,Bert Forman, under the pseudonym of the Cabaret Novelty Orchestra. After this success Noble joined the music publishing house of Lawrence Wright, serving as a staff arranger to various bands including Jack Payne's.

At this time the HMV house band was under the direction of the American born Carroll Gibbons, in later years to gain great success as leader of the band at the Savoy Hotel, and when Gibbons was offered a contract with MGM in Hollywood he recommended Ray as a suitable successor, the result being a long and fruitful association. HMV was Britain's leading label of the period — for two deacdes longer a retailers mark of success was to become an authorised HMV dealer — and had two giants of the day recording for it, the society band of Ambrose and the premiere show band of Europe, Jack Hylton. Naturally, these two bands were given the pick of the titles, while Ray Noble selected what he considered the outstanding numbers from what was left. He showed great perspicacity in this task, providing excellent arrangements and making use of the talents of such notable musicians as Max Goldberg, Tony Thorpe, Norman Payne, Harry Hines, Harry Jacobson and a longtime associate in drummer Bill Harty.

In addition to having the pick of the musicians Ray was also able to call on the leading vocalists of the day, and as a result these 'New Mayfair Dance Orchestra' recordings highlight the vocal talents of such singers as Jack Plant, Leonard Henry, Val Rosing, Pat O'Malley Sam Browne, Frances Day, Elsie Carlisle and Dorothy Carless. However, Noble's most regular vocalist was undoubtedly Al Bowlly and today the reawakened interest in this great singer has resulted in many of Noble's recordings being reissued in microgroove form. Unfortunately this has meant that the jazz titles have been omitted, and the companies have concentrated on the more commercial output of the band. Even so, a number of the titles feature semi-hot arrangements and are worthy of mention.

The combination of Bowlly's voice and the superb Noble arrangements led to a change of policy on HMV's part, and the records began to be issued as by Ray Noble and his Orchestra. Prior to this Ray had recorded as either the New Mayfair, New Mayfair Novelty or New Mayfair Orchestra, though back in 1927 he had been named on some Edison-Bell records as the piano accompanist to the Admirals, a vocal group similar to the German group The Revellers. In the five years between 1929 and 1934 Ray recorded hundreds of titles, but the following are outstanding either for their jazz content or their semi-hot arrangements and are worthy of the attention of jazz collectors. *In the moonlight* and *Someone,* coupled on HMV B5776, were made with a mixed personnel drawn from the Hylton band and originally released as by the Night Club Kings, recently being reissued on the LP 'Jazz in Britain — The 30s' (Parlophone PMC 7095). *Copper blues* (HMV B5717), *Blue Pacific moonlight* (HMV B5832), *Allah's holiday* (HMV B5913), *Your swing disposition* (HMV B5911) and an item issued as Puzzle Record No.2, performed in good Dixieland style and with a jazz influenced vocal by Bowlly, are all excellent though none, alas, have to date been reissued. The various twelve inch selections from numerous shows and films of the period are also of interest. The coupling that most demands reissue is *Tiger rag* backed with the equally famous *Japanese sandman* (HMV B6425)

The following semi-hot titles are recommended, all having at different times been available on LP — *Twentieth century blues, Hold my hand, Sailing on the Robert E. Lee, Roll up the carpet, It's bad for me, You ought to see Sally on Sunday* and *Over my shoulder.*

In 1934 Ray Noble was asked to go to the United States to lead a band at the Rainbow Room in New York City, handing over leadership of the HMV house band to Percival Mackay. Ray, now living in retirement in Jersey, spent well over a decade in the States, his personnel at one time including Bud Freeman, Claude Thornhill, Glenn Miller and Pee Wee Erwin, though one supposes his greatest service to jazz is his composition *Cherokee,* the chord progression of which has served over two generations of jazz musicians to good effect.

RAY NOBLE — AL BOWLLY ON MICROGROOVE

Encore ENC140 — RAY NOBLE STORY, VOLUME 1

The very thought of you; Over my shoulder. Close your eyes; When you've got a little Springtime in your heart; By the fireside; Love locked out; Time on my hands*; Mad about the boy*; You ought to see Sally on Sunday*; One morning in May*; I'll string along with you; The wanderer*

Encore ENC160 — RAY NOBLE STORY, VOLUME 2

How could we be wrong; Maybe it's because (I love you too much)*; I'll do my best to make you happy; Lying in the hay; We've got the moon and sixpence; Lazy day*; Hold my hand; Sailin' on the Robert E. Lee; Roll up the carpet; Oceans of time; After all, you're all I'm after; Dreaming a dream.*

Music For Pleasure MFP1178 — AL BOWLLY — THE BIG SWOON OF THE THIRTIES

*Love is the sweestest thing; Goodnight sweetheart; Have you ever been lonely (*Other tracks with non-Noble backings or Noble's U.S. band)

Monmouth Evergreen MES6816 — RAY NOBLE AND HIS ORCHESTRA WITH AL BOWLLY

Love is the sweetest thing; It's bad for me; You're mine, you; Hang out the stars in Indiana; Looking on the bright side of life; With all my love and kisses; I'm glad I waited; What more can I ask?; It's all forgotten now; Midnight, the stars and you; What now?; Lovetales; This is romance; Remember me?; Hustlin' and bustlin' for baby; Goodnight sweetheart

World Sound SH146 – AL BOWLLY WITH RAY NOBLE AND HIS ORCHESTRA

All I do is dream of you; Guilty; Stay on the right side of the road. Sweet and lovely; Did you ever see a dream walking?; Twentieth century blues; When my little Pomeranian meets your little Pekinese; Hold my hand; Petting in the park; Wanderer; Hang out the stars in Indiana; Here lies love; Brighter than the sun; I've got to sing a torch song; On a steamer coming over; Snuggled on your shoulder.

Notes: Encore ENC140 and ENC160 (both deleted) were issued as a double album in the U.S.A. on Capitol 10312. Titles marked with an asterisk are currently available on the World Record Club 2 LP set 'The Golden Age of British Dance Bands' (World Sound SH118/9). Music For Pleasure MFP1178 is also deleted. Monmouth Evergreen MES 6816 is only available in the U.S.A. and this company is shortly to issue a second Ray Noble–Al Bowlly LP.

ALASDAIR FENTON

(10) Reginald Foresythe Discography

CHARLES FOX is at present working on an article on Reginald Foresythe for this magazine in the course of which Foresythe's recorded work will be discussed. Best known to collectors as the composer of *Deep Forest* and *Serenade to a wealthy widow.* Foresythe spent some time in the United States where he worked as an arranger for Paul Howard, Earl Hines and Wild Bill Davison amongst others, but his own interest lay in an area of jazz influenced impressionistic music that in some respects was very advanced for its day. I do not wish to anticipate Charles Fox's comments on the overall emotional climate of Foresythe's music, but personally find it to have a curiously disquieting quality even when overtly dealing with such a pastoral theme as *Landscape.*

The following discography covers all but the entirely commercial items that Foresythe recorded. For help with recording dates and take numbers of English Columbia issues I am indebted to Chris Ellis of E.M.I.

ALBERT McCARTHY

THE NEW MUSIC OF REGINALD FORESYTHE:
Ted Marhsll, George Newman (clt); Jimmy Watson, Ivor Lamb (alt); Alf Morgan (ten); C.W. Harding (bsn); Reginald Foresythe (p, arr); Joe Gibson (bs); Don Whitelaw (d)

London – October 14, 1933

CA14048-1	*Serenade for a wealthy widow*	Co(E) CB675
CA14049-1	*Angry jungle*	–
CA14050	*Tea for two*	rejected

REGINALD FORESYTHE, ARTHUR YOUNG (p duets)

London – January 2, 1934

CA14234-1	*Camembert*	Co(E) DB1264
CA14235-1	*Chromolithograph*	–

THE NEW MUSIC OF REGINALD FORESYTHE:
Cyril Clarke, Bill Apps (clt); Jimmy Watson, Bill Barclay (alt); Jack Ambrose (ten); Claude Hughes (bsn); Reginald Foresythe (p, arr); Jack Collier (bs); George Elrick (d)

London – February 9, 1934

CA14331-1	*Duke insists*	Co(E) CB744
CA14332-1	*Berceuse for an unwanted child*	Co(E) CB726
CA14333-1	*Garden of weed*	–
CA14334-1	*Bit*	Co(E) CB744

REGINALD FORESYTHE (p)

London — May 25, 1934

CA14512-1	*St.Louis blues*	Co(E) DB1407, FB1141
CA14513-2	*Because it's love*	—

THE NEW MUSIC OF REGINALD FORESYTHE:

Personnel as for February 9, 1934 session

London — September 6, 1934

CA14655-1	*Two hymns to darkness 1.Deep forest*	Co(E) FB1643
CA14656-1	*Two hymns to darkness 2.Lament for Congo*	—
CA14657-1	*Volcanic*	Co(E) CB787
CA14658-1	*Autocrat before breakfast*	—

Benny Goodman, Johnny Mince (clt); Toots Mondello, Hymie Schertzer (alt); Dick Clark (ten); Sol Schoenbach (bsn); Reginald Foresythe (p, arr); John Kirby (bs); Gene Krupa (d)

New York City — January 23, 1935

COW16597-1	*The melancholy clown*	Co 3060-D, Co(E)FB1233
COW16598-1	*Lullaby*	Co 3012-D, Co(E)FB1031, Co(G) DW4270
COW16599-1	*The greener the grass*	Co 3060-D, Co(E) FB1233
COW16600-2	*Dodging a divorcee*	Co3012-D, Co(E) FB1031, Co(G) DW4270 Nostalgia NR-1003

REGINALD FORESYTHE WITH HENRY HALL AND THE B.B.C. DANCE ORCHESTRA:

Andy Hodgkiss, Frank Wilson, Charlie Price (tpt); Bill Mulraney, Eric Tann (tbn); Burton Gillis, Freddy Williams, Jack Halsall, Eddie Cromar (saxes, reeds, woodwind); Cyril Stapleton, Joseph Hitchenor (vln); Reginald Foresythe (p,arr); George Dickinson (g); Theo Farrar (bs); Len Berman (d); Henry Hall (dir)

London — March 19, 1935

CAX7494-2	*Southern Holiday (A Phantasy of Negro music)Part 1*	Co(E) DX683
CAX7495-1	*Southern Holiday (A Phantasy of Negro music)Part 2*	—

REGINALD FORESYTHE AND HIS ORCHESTRA:

Cyril Clarke, Dick Savage (clt); Harry Carr, Jimmy Watson (alt); Eddie Farge (ten); J.L. Brenchley (bsn); Reginald Foresythe (p,arr); Don Stuteley (bs); Jack Simpson (d)

London — August 19, 1935

TB1885-1	*Landscape*	De(E) F5660
TB1886-1	*Homage to Armstrong (Chinatown, my Chinatown)*	—
TB1887-1	*Tea for two*	De(E) F5711
TB1888-1	*Sweet Georgia Brown*	—

Bill Shakespeare (tpt); Harry Carr (fl); Frank Weir (clt); Bert Crane (ten); Anthony Barnes (bsn); Reginald Foresythe (p, arr); Jack Collin or Dick Ballinger (bs); Dudley Barber (d); Barry Gray (vcl-1)

London — November 6, 1936

TB2617-1	*Swing for roundabout*	De(E) F6203
TB2618-1	*Anything you like-1*	De(E) F6291
TB2619-2	*Revolt of the yes men*	De(E) F6203

London — November 27, 1936

TB2661-1	*Mead and woad*	De(E) F6291
TB2662-1	*Meditation in porcelain*	De(E) F6481
TB2663-2	*Cross for criss*	—
TB2664-1	*Aubade*	De(E) F6363
TB2665-1	*Burlesque*	—

Notes: It is presumed that Collin and Ballinger are present singly on the above sessions.

Two takes were made of each of the English Columbia titles except for CA14512/3 where three takes of each title was recorded.

(11) International Record Scene

IN THE PLETHORA of reissues, both official and unofficial, the white New York musicians and the white bands of the 'twenties and 'thirties — excluding the popular swing band leaders — have been poorly represented. One label that is pursuing a rather adventurous policy in this direction is the U.S. based Old Masters, its initial fifteen LPs containing a high proportion of such material. I will list details of these items in a future issue, but meanwhile a further five LPs have just become available, as follows:—

Old Masters TOM-16 — BEN SELVIN AND HIS ORCHESTRA 1929—1931

You said it; Learn to croon; Smile, darn ya, smile; One-man band; I'm crazy 'bout my baby; Crazy people; Is I in love?; Sing another chorus, please; My sweet tooth says I wanna; Nobody loves no baby; Do the New York; This is the missus; Little Mary Brown (2 versions); Bend down, sister; Now's the time to fall in love

Old Masters TOM-17 — BEN SELVIN AND HIS ORCHESTRA 1929—1931

Do ya love me?; 'Tain't no sin; Good for you—bad for me; Thank you father; Let me sing and I'm happy; Looking at you across the breakfast table; Let me sing and I'm happy (different version); Free and easy; Whole darned thing's for you; Dust; I'm in the market for you;Dixiana ; My man from Caroline; I miss a little Miss; Cheerful little earful.

Old Masters TOM-18 — BERT LOWN AND HIS ORCHESTRA 1929—1932

Tomorrow's violets; Redskin; Big City blues; Here comes my ball and chain; Jazz me blues; One I love just can't be bothered with me (2 takes); Under the moon it's you; Bye bye blues; I'll be blue just thinking of you; Loving you the way I do; Crying myself to sleep; Lonesome lover; More you hurt me; Tired

Old Masters TOM-19 — HOT JAZZ 1927—1929 (SIXTEEN BRUNSWICK BANDS)

Sweet Liza; You'll recognize my baby (GEORGE BELSHAW AND HIS KFAB ORCHESTRA): *Marbles* (HERMAN WALDMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA); *What a day!; Maybe—who knows?* (CARL

FENTON AND HIS ORCHESTRA); *Gut bucket shuffle; Louisiana; That's my home* (HARRIS BROTHERS' TEXANS); *My gal Sal* (TOM GERUNOVICH AND HIS ROOF GARDEN ORCHESTRA); *China boy, Somebody loves me* (HENRY LANGE AND HIS BAKER HOTEL ORCHESTRA); *Sad moments* (HERB WIEDOEFT AND HIS ORCHESTRA); *It's the talk of the town* (BENNY MEROFF AND HIS ORCHESTRA); *Cinderella blues; Shine* (JESSE STAFFORD AND HIS ORCHESTRA); *Sea legs; Clap hands, here comes Charlie* (HALE BYERS AND HIS ORCHESTRA)

Old Masters TOM-20 — CALIFORNIA RAMBLERS 1925–1927
Cheatin' on me; Dustin' the donkey; Don't take that black bottom away; Crazy words, crazy tune; Zulu wail; Vo-do-do-de-do blues; Is she my girl friend; Someday sweetheart; T.N.T.; Static strut; Ain't she sweet; Arkansas blues; Vo-do-do-de-o blues (different version); Clementine; Is she my girl friend (different version); Sister Kate

Ben Selvin was, of course, the American Columbia house band director for many years and is reputed to have made more records than any other individual during the 'twenties and early 'thirties TOM-17 contains the 1929–1930 recordings and TOM-16 those from 1931; musicians to be heard on these titles include Benny Goodman, Jack Teagarden, Tommy Dorsey and Jimmy Dorsey. Lown led bands from 1928 to 1941 but his peak years were those covered by the titles on TOM-18 when he was resident at the Hotel Biltmore in New York City. Musicians who played with him at this time and who can be heard on various numbers include Miff Mole, Glen Miller, Adrian Rollini, Jimmy Dorsey, Carl Kress and Stan King. On TOM-20 the first seven titles were originally issued as by The Golden Gate Orchestra, the eighth as by The California Ramblers, and the final eight as by The Varsity Eight, several of these being about the best the group ever recorded from a jazz viewpoint. With TOM-19 we enter the realm of several little known bands, but some of the titles at least will surprise collectors to whom they are unfamiliar for the good hot solos and spirited ensemble playing. Readers who might approach the specialist dealers for any of the above are reminded that it is likely to be several weeks before they reach this country. Reviews will appear in this magazine in due course.

I surmised last month that the late Cliff Jackson might have been taped in performanes that post-date his final commercial recordings, and such has proved to be the case. The following has just been released:—

Ri-Disc RD5 — CLIFF JACKSON — HOT PIANO
Theme (How long blues); Nice work if you can get it; You took advantage of me; Memphis blues; Linger awhile; I get a kick out of you; Our Monday date; Squeeze me; Crazy rhythm; Arkansas blues; Happy birthday to Pat; Sweet Lorraine; Carolina shout; Anniversary waltz/Our love is here to stay; Theme (how long blues).

This LP was recorded at the Blues Alley Night Club, Washington, D.C., on July 23rd 1965. I have not heard the record so cannot comment, but Ri-Disc is of Swiss origin.

Walter Bruyninckx reports on an interesting memorial LP to Rex Stewart at present in the planning stage in Germany. Details are as follows:—

Black Panther 1 — REX STEWART (LP title uncertain)
Cherry; Do you ever think of me?; Just you, just me; I cried for you; Someday sweetheart; Pastiche; Wrap your troubles in dreams; Billy boy; Blue Lou; Muskrat ramble; Bei dir was es immer so schon; Linden blues; Air lift stomp; Old woman blues; one unknown title recorded at the Paris Jazz Festival in 1948.

The first eight titles are previously unissued items made in 1945 by the Brick Fleagle Orchestra with Rex Stewart, the next six are the rare Amiga titles recorded in Berlin in 1948. Incidentally, the pianist on *Bei dir* is Fritz Schulz-Reichel, subsequently to become famous as 'Crazy Otto'!

Walter Bruyninckx also reports the following:—

After Hours (Number unknown) — SIDNEY BECHET
Foolin' me (MAUREEN ENGLISH); *Under the Creole moon; The old ark is a movering* (NOBLE SISSLE ORCHESTRA): *Uncle Joe; Blue Monday on Sugar Hill* (GRANT AND WILSON): *Spreadin' joy; Kansas City man blues* (BOB WILBUR QUINTET); *St. Louis blues; Jazz me blues; I'll never be the same; I'm a little bit of leather; As long as I live* (STELLA BROOKS); *Wild cat blues; St. Louis blues* (SIDNEY BECHET WITH PIERRE BRASLAVSKY ORCHESTRA)

This appears to be the same LP that was at first advertised as Delta J-1201, and emanates from Germany. The Wilbur titles are from a 1947 'This Is Jazz' broadcast, those with Braslavsky from a Paris festival.

Readers interested in the complete Bessie Smith LPs — ten in all, appearing at present at the rate of two a time in the U.S.A. — will be glad to know that these will be issued in due course by C.B.S. in this country. In all probability each set of two LPs will be issued locally at a special price on the lines of Paul Oliver's 'Story of the Blues' sets. Further information will be given when release details are finalised. Another famous set of LPs, the Jelly Roll Morton Library of Congress recordings, are also likely to become available from late this year or early 1971, again probably at the rate of one or two at a time. However, the whole of the material issued on the Riverside set (12 LPs) with some additions will be compressed to make up eight LPs in all, with no loss of sound quality incidentally. Again, further information on these records will be given when they are available. Finally, three more issues in Chris Ellis's Parlophone reissue LPs will appear during September—November of this year, comprising the fourth and final Bix Beiderbecke-Frankie Trumbauer item, the second Lonnie Johnson/Eddie Lang 'Blue Guitars' volume, and the second Fletcher Henderson 'Dixie Stompers' volume.

ALBERT McCARTHY

(12) Keynote Label Listing, Part 2

LESTER YOUNG QUARTET:
Lester Young (ten); Johnny Guarnieri (p); Slam Stewart (bs); Sid Catlett (d) — New York City — December 28, 1943

HL1-1	Just you, just me	EmA 26010
HL1-2	Just you, just me	Key K603
HL2-1	I never knew	EmA 26010
HL2-2	I never knew	Key K603
HL3-1	Afternoon of a Basie-ite	EmA 26010
HL3-2	Afternoon of a Basie-ite	Key K604
HL4	Sometimes I'm happy	Key K604

Note: It has been suggested that the three alternative takes which appeared on EmArcy 26010 were used by Keynote when the 78s were reissued as Keynote Album K148. This has not been confirmed.

LIONEL HAMPTON SEXTET WITH DINAH WASHINGTON:
Dinah Washington (vcl) acc Joe Morris (tpt); Rudy Rutherford (clt); Arnett Cobb (ten); Milt Buckner (p); Vernon King (bs); Fred Radcliffe (d)
New York City — December 29, 1943

LHS1 (841)	Evil gal blues -3	Key K605
LHS2 (842)	I know how to do it -1	Key K606
LHS3 (843)	Salty Papa blues -3	Key K606
LHS4 (844)	Homeward bound -2	Key K605

-1 Lionel Hampton (d) for Radcliffe; -2, add Lionel Hampton (p, treble part only); -3, add Lionel Hampton (vib). Source of numbers in parenthesis not known (not shown on labels or in wax). Some Keynote issues of K606 labelled as "I know how to do it" on both sides (although playing correctly.)

"LITTLE JAZZ" AND HIS TRUMPET ENSEMBLE:
"Little Jazz" (Roy Eldridge), Joe Thomas, Emmett Berry (tpt); Johnny Guarnieri (p); Israel Crosby (bs); Cozy Cole (d) — New York City — January 24, 1944

HL5	Don't be that way	Key K607
HL5-?	Don't be that way (alt. take)	Mer MG25074
HL6	I want to be happy	Key K608
HL7	Fiesta in brass	Key K608
HL8-?	St. Louis blues	Mer MG25074
HL8-2	St. Louis blues	Key K607

COLEMAN HAWKINS QUINTET FEATURING TEDDY WILSON:
"Little Jazz" (Roy Eldridge) (tpt); Coleman Hawkins (ten); Teddy Wilson (p); Billy Taylor (bs); Cozy Cole (d) — New York City — January 31, 1944

KHL9	I only have eyes for you	Key K609
KHL10	'S wonderful	Key K609
KHL11	I'm in the mood for love	Key K610
KHL12	"Bean" at the Met	Key K610

COLEMAN HAWKINS QUARTET:
Coleman Hawkins (ten); Teddy Wilson (p); Israel Crosby (bs); Cozy Cole (d) — New York City — February 17, 1944

HL13	Flame thrower	Key K611
HL14	Imagination	Key K612
HL15	Night and day	Key K611

HL16 Cattin' at Keynote — Key K612
HL16-? Cattin' at Keynote (alt. take) — Key K611
Note: The alternative take of "Cattin' at Keynote", mislabelled "Night and day" was coupled with "Flame thrower"on some issues of Key K611. However, this alternative take has HL15 (matrix for "Night and day") scratched in the shellac. It can therefore only be identified aurally.

COZY COLE ALL STARS:
Joe Thomas (tpt); Trummy Young (tbn); Coleman Hawkins (ten); Earl Hines (p); Teddy Walters (g); Billy Taylor (bs); Cozy Cole (d) — New York City — February 22, 1944
HLK17A Blue moon — Key K1300
HLK18 Father co-operates — Key K1301
HLK19 Just one more chance — Key K1300
HLK20 Thru' for the night — Key K1301
Note: "Just one more chance" labelled as "featuring Coleman Hawkins". All three remaining titles labelled as "featuring Earl Hines".

KANSAS CITY SEVEN:
Buck Clayton (tpt); Dicky Wells (tbn); Lester Young (ten); "Prince Charming" (Count Basie) (p); Freddie Green (g); Rodney Richardson (bs); Jo Jones (d) — New York City — March 22, 1944
HLK21-2 After theatre jump — Key K1302
HLK22-? Six cats and a prince (alt take) — Met(Sw)B517
HLK22-3 Six cats and a prince — Key K1303
HLK23-1 Lester leaps again —1 — Key K1302
HLK24-1 Destination K.C. — Key K1303
HLK24-2 Destination K.C. — EmA 26010
-1 omit tpt and tbn. Issued as by Kansas City Five

CHARLIE SHAVERS QUINTET FEATURING EARL HINES:
Charlie Shavers (tpt); Tab Smith (alt); Earl Hines (p); Al Lucas (bs); Joe (sic) Jones (d) — New York City — April 22, 1944
HL25 Mountain air — Key K1304
HL26-2 Curry in a hurry — Key K1305
HL27 Star dust — Key K1305
HL28 Rosetta — Key K1304

COLEMAN HAWKINS AND HIS SAX ENSEMBLE:
Tab Smith (alt, arr); Coleman Hawkins, Don Byas (ten); Harry Carney (bar); John Guarnieri (p); Al Lucas (bs); Sidney Catlett (d) — New York City — May 24, 1944
HL29 On the sunny side of the street — Key K1308
HL30 Three little words — Key K1316
HL31 Battle of the saxes — Key K1316
HL32 Louise — Key K1308

COLEMAN HAWKINS' ALL AMERICAN FOUR:
Coleman Hawkins (ten); Teddy Wilson (p); John Kirby (bs); Sid Catlett (d) — New York City — May 29, 1944
HL33 Make believe — Key K1317
HL34 Don't blame me — Key K1320
HL35 Just one of those things — Key K1317
HL36 Hallelujah — Key K1320

BENNY MORTON TROMBONE CHOIR:
Benny Morton, Vic Dickenson, Bill Harris, Claude Jones (tbn); Johnny Guarnieri (p); Al Hall (bs); Sid Catlett (d) — New York City — May 30, 1944
HL37 Where or when — Key K1315
HL38-1 Liza — Key K1309
HL38-? Liza (alt take) — EmA MG26019
HL39 Once in a while — Key K1309
HL40 Sliphorn outing — Key K1315

KEYNOTERS:
Charlie Shavers;Jonah Jones (tpt); Budd Johnson (ten); Johnny Guarnieri (p); Milt Hinton (bs); James C. Heard (d) — New York City — June 7, 1944
HL41 You're driving me crazy — Key K1313
HL42 I'm in the market for you — Key K1313
Blue Lou — unissued
My legs are getting brown — unissued

REX STEWART'S BIG EIGHT:
Rex Stewart (cor); Lawrence Brown (tbn); Tab Smith (alt); Harry Carney (bar, bs-clt-1); Johnny Guarnieri (p); Brick Fleagle (g); Sid Weiss (bs); Cozy Cole (d) — New York City — June 5, 1944
RX1-2 I'm tru to you — Key K1306
RX2 The little goose -1 — Key K1307
RX3 Zaza — Key K1307
RX4 Swamp mist -1 — Key K1306
Note: Labels are endorsed "A Hot Record Society Session". This, together with the different matrix series, may indicate that the date was done originally for the HRS label.

PETE BROWN'S ALL STAR QUINTET FEATURING KENNETH KERSEY:
Joe Thomas (tpt); Pete Brown (alt); Kenneth Kersey (p); Milton Hinton (bs); J.C. Heard (d) — New York City — July 19, 1944
HL45 It all depends on you — Key K1312
HL46 It's the talk of the town — EmA MG36018
HL47 That's my weakness now — EmA MG36018
HL48 I may be wrong — Key K1312

RED NORVO ALL STAR SEXTET:
Aaron Sachs (clt); Teddy Wilson (p); Red Norvo (vib); Remo Palmieri (g); Slam Stewart (bs); Eddie Dell (d) — New York City — July 27, 1944
HL49 Subtle sextology — Key K1310
HL50 Blues a la Red — Key K1319
HL51 The man I love — Key K1314
HL52 Seven come eleven — Key K1314

BILLY TAYLOR'S BIG EIGHT:
Emmett Berry (tpt); Vernon Brown (tbn); "Harvey The Rabbit" (Johnny Hodges) (alt); Harry Carney (bs-clt, bar); Johnny Guarnieri (p); Brick Fleagle (g); Billy Taylor (bs); Cozy Cole (d) — New York City — August 1, 1944
CC2 C[illegible]val in rhythm — Key K615
CC4 Night wind (Finesse) — Key K615
Passin' me by — EmA MG36018
Sam-pan — unissued
Note: Although listed as being on EmArcy MG36018 "Sam-pan" remains unissued. The track labelled as being "Sam-pan" on Mer(E) SMWL21023 is a repeat of "Passin' me by". Despite exhaustive searches of files, master tapes, etc. it would appear that "Sam-pan" no longer exists unless someone has a test pressing. This session was supervised by Steve Smith.

JONAH JONES AND HIS ORCHESTRA:
Jonah Jones (tpt); Tyree Glenn (tbn, vib); Hilton Jefferson (alt); Joe Thomas (ten); Buster Harding (p, arr); Milt Hinton (bs); James C. Heard (d) — New York City — September 20, 1944
HL53 Lust for licks — Key K614
HL54 Just like a butterfly (caught in the rain) — Key K614
HL55 Trumpet interlude — EmA MG36017
HL56 Twelfth Street rag — unissued
Note: Original title of HL53 was "That's the lick Jack"

GEORGE HARTMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA FEATURING FRANK FROEBA:
George Hartman (tpt); Vernon Brown (tbn); Leonard 'Bujie' Centobie (clt); Frank Froeba (p); Jack Lesberg (bs); George Wettling (d) — New York City — September 27, 1944
HL57 Hindustan — Key K627
HL58 Always — Key K613
HL59-2X Darktown strutter's ball — Key K613
HL60 Angry — Key K627

RED NORVO'S ALL STAR SEPTET:
Joe Thomas (tpt); Vic Dickenson (tbn); Hank D'Amico (clt); Teddy Wilson (p); Red Norvo (vib); Slam Stewart (bs); Specs Powell (d) — New York City — October 10, 1944
HL61 Russian lullaby — Key 1310
HL62 I got rhythm — Key K1319
Note: Matrix HL63 may be an unissued title from this session but, in the light of the confusion surrounding the matrix numbers at this time (see footnote to next session) it was probably never used.

COLEMAN HAWKINS QUINTET:
Buck Clayton (tpt); Coleman Hawkins (ten); Teddy Wilson (p); Slam Stewart (bs); Denzil Best (d) — New York City — October 12, 1944
HL64 I'm yours — EmA MG26011
HL65 Under a blanket of blue — Key K655
HL66 Beyond the blue horizon — Key K622
HL67 A shanty in old shanty town — Key K622
Note: Some confusion has arisen over the matrix numbers for "Under a blanket of blue" and "My man" from the following Charlie Shavers date. Both have been given as HL68 but the correct matrices are as shown here.

CHARLIE SHAVERS' ALL AMERICAN FIVE:
Charlie Shavers (tpt); Coleman Hawkins (ten); Teddy Wilson (p); Billy Taylor (bs); Denzil Best (d) — New York City — October 18, 1944
HL68 My man — Key K619
HL69 El Salon de Gutbucket — Key K619
Embraceable you — EmA MG26011
Note: It is almost certain that "Embraceable you" is matrix HL70 or HL71, leaving possibly one unissued title.

GEORGE WETTLING'S NEW YORKERS:
Joe Thomas (tpt); Jack Teagarden (tbn, vcl); Hank D'Amico (clt); Coleman Hawkins (ten); Herman Chittison (p); Billy Taylor (bs); George Wettling (d) — New York City — December 12, 1944
HL72 Home vJT — Key K1311
HL72 Home vJT (alt. take) — Mer. MG25071
HL73 Too marvellous for words — Key K1311
HL74 You brought a new kind . . .vJT — Key K1318
HL74 You brought a new kind . . .vJT (alt.take) — Mer MG25071
HL75 Somebody loves me — Key K1318
Note: Some editing has been carried out on the microgroove reissues of some of the above. It is believed that the vocal on "Home" has been edited out on most LP releases.

CHUBBY JACKSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA:
Howard McGhee (tpt); Bill Harris (tbn); Flip Phillips (ten); Ralph Burns (p); Billy Bauer (g); Chubby Jackson (bs); Dave Tough (d) — New York City — January 10, 1945
HL76 Northwest passage — Key K616
HL77 Cryin' sands-1 — Key K616
-1 omit Bauer

COZY COLE AND HIS ORCHESTRA:
Shorty Rogers (tpt); Vernon Brown (tbn); Aaron Sachs (clt); Don Byas (ten); Bill Rowland (p); Billy Taylor (bs); Cozy Cole (d) — New York City — February 2, 1945
HL78 Lover come back to me — unissued
HL79 Smiles — unissued
HL80 All of me — unissued
HL81 They didn't believe me — Key K656

BARNEY BIGARD QUINTET:
Joe Thomas (tpt); Barney Bigard (clt); Johnny Guarnieri (p); Billy Taylor (bs); Cozy Cole (d) — New York City — February 5, 1945
HL82 Rose room — Kev K617
HL83 Bojangles — Mer (E) SMWL21023
HL84 Coquette -1 — Key K617
HL85 Borobudor — Mer (E) SMWL21023
-1 listed as "Barney Bigard Quintet featuring Johnny Guarnieri". It is believed that Keynote K617 was reissued later with a different catalogue number.

HORACE HENDERSON ORCHESTRA:
Buck Clayton (tpt); Eddie Bert (tbn); Aaron Sachs, Hank D'Amico (clt); Horace Henderson (p); Hy White (g); Billy Taylor (bs); Specs Powell (d) — New York City — c. early Feb. 1945

HL86	'Deed I do	Jamboree 908
HL87	Make love to me	Jamboree 909
HL88	Bunch of rhythm	Jamboree 909
HL89	Smack's blues	Jamboree 908

Note: Although not a Keynote issue this session has been listed here due to the obvious continuity of the matrix numbers. The Jamboree labels state "Jamboree Records Inc., NY19, NY. A Harry Lim session". These were presumably recorded by Keynote for Jamboree which may have been an associate label. Other known Jamboree issues do not have "HL" matrix numbers.

WILLIE SMITH AND HIS ORCHESTRA:
Billy May (tpt); Murray McEachern (tbn); Willie Smith (alt); Arnold Ross (p); Les Paul (g); Ed Mihelich (bs); Nick Fatool (d) — Los Angeles — February 11, 1945

HL90	September in the rain	Key K620
HL91	You oughta be in pictures	Mer MG25075
HL92	Moten swing	Mer MG25075
HL93	Willie weep for me	Key K620

Note: Recording date for this session given incorrectly in Jepsen as November 2, 1945

BILL HARRIS AND HIS SEPTET:
Pete Candoli (tpt); Bill Harris (tbn); Flip Phillips (ten); Ralph Burns (p); Billy Bauer (g); Chubby Jackson (bs); Alvin Burroughs (d) — Chicago — April 5, 1945

D5CB321	Cross country	Key K618
D5CB322	Characteristically B.H.	Key K626
D5CB323	Mean to me	Key K618
D5CB324	She's funny that way	Key K626

CORKY CORCORAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA FEATURING EMMETT BERRY (Key K621):
CORKY CORCORAN'S COLLEGIATES:
Emmett Berry (tpt); Willie Smith (alt); Corky Corcoran (ten); Dodo Marmarosa (p); Allan Reuss (g); Ed Mihelich (bs); Nick Fatool (d) — Los Angeles — May 15, 1945

HL94-3A	What is this thing called love	Key K621
HL95-3A	Minor blues	Key K621
HL96	You know it	Key K654
HL97	Lullaby of the leaves	EmA MG36023

TEDDY BUNN'S TEDDY BEARS:
Peanuts Holland (tpt); Herbie Haymer (ten); Arnold Ross (p); Teddy Bunn (g); Charlie Drayton (bs); Rollie Culver (d) — Los Angeles — May 29, 1945

	Sunday	Key unissued
	I wished on the moon	Key unissued
	After you've gone	Key unissued

MILT HINTON AND HIS ORCHESTRA:
Jonah Jones (tpt); Tyree Glenn (tbn); Al Gibson (clt); Dave Rivera (p); Milt Hinton (bs); James C. Heard (d) — New York City — July 6, 1945

HL103	Everywhere	Key K639
HL104	Beefsteak Charlie	Key K639

J.C. HEARD QUINTET:
Buck Clayton (tpt); Joe (Flip) Phillips (ten); Johnny Guarnieri (p); Milton Hinton (bs); J.C. Heard (d) — New York City — August 17, 1945

HL105	Why do I love you?	Key K682
HL106	All my life	Key K623
HL107	Groovin' with J.C.	Key K623
HL108	What's the use?	Key K682

Note: The above four titles were also issued in a Keynote album, probably with new individual catalogue numbers, under Johnny Guarnieri's name

IRVING FAZOLA'S DIXIELANDERS:
Tony Dalmado (tpt); Julian Laine (tbn); Irving Fazola (clt); Steve Giarratano (ten); Pete Laudeman (p); Bunny Franks (bs); Charlie Duke (d) — New Orleans — October 19, 1945

HL1001	Someday sweetheart	Key K658
HL1002	Isle of Capri	Key K660
HL1003	When your lover has gone	Key K660
HL1004	With you, anywhere you are	Key K659

New Orleans — October 24, 1945

HL1005	Sweet Lorraine	Key K624
HL1006	Mostly Faz	Key K659
HL1007	Clarinet marmalade	Key K624
HL1008	The jazz me blues	Key K658

BUD FREEMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA:
Billy Butterfield (tpt); Vernon Brown (tbn); Ernie Caceres (clt); Bud Freeman (ten); Gene Schroeder (p); Carl Kress (g); Bob Haggart (bs); George Wettling (d) — New York City — November 15, 1945

KTS4	Town Hall blues	Key K638

Note: The above title was reissued on EmArcy MG36017, the sleeve note to which states "Town Hall blues" was the only instrumental title on a date Bud Freeman once made accompanying a folk singer". No further information is available but in the light of the matrix-number it is possible that the unknown folk singer's name has the initial "TS".

CHUBBY JACKSON'S RHYTHM:
Tony Aless (p); Billy Bauer (g); Chubby Jackson (solo bs); Arnold Fishkin (bs); Shelly Manne (d) — New York City — November 29, 1945

HL113	Head hunters	Mer MG25076
HL114	Head quarters	Key K625
HL115	Two heads are better than one	Mer MG25076
HL116	Sam's caravan	Key K625

BUD FREEMAN'S ALL STAR ORCHESTRA:
Bud Freeman (ten); Joe Sullivan (p); Carmen Mastren (g); Sid Weiss (bs); George Wettling (d) — New York City — December 5, 1945

KBF1	Tea for two	Key K636
KBF2	Honeysuckle rose -1	Key K637
KBF3	A room with a view	EmA MG36013
KBF4	You took advantage of me -1,2	EmA MG36013
KBF5	Sentimental baby -1,2	Key K637
KBF6	You're my everything -1,2	EmA MG36013
KBF	-1 add Peanuts Hucko (clt); -2 add Wild Bill Davison (cor)	

Ed Hall (clt); Bud Freeman (ten); Gene Schroeder (p); Bob Casey (bs); Dave Tough (d) — New York City — December 10, 1945

KBF7	Blue room	EmA MG36013

Charlie Shavers (tpt); and Vernon Brown (tbn) added; John Simmons (bs) replaces Casey — same session

KBF8	Time on my hands	EmA MG36013

Bob Casey (bs) replaces Simmons — same session

KBF9	I've found a new baby	EmA MG36013

John Simmons (bs) replaces Casey — same session

KBF10	Royal Garden Blues	EmA MG36013
KBF11	Midnite at Eddie Condon's	Key K636

Bob Casey (bs) replaces Simmons — same session

KBF8	Inside on the southside	Key K638

Note: Matrix number KBF8 used twice in error.

TED NASH QUINTET:
Joe Thomas (tpt); Ted Nash (ten); Geoff Clarkson (p); Trigger Alpert (bs); J.C. Heard (d); Marie Bryant (vcl) — New York City — January 25, 1946

HL117	The girl in my dreams (tries to look like you)	Key K628
HL118	(I've got) a pocketful of dreams vMB	Key K628
HL119	On the sunny side of the street	Mer MG20016
HL120	Wick's kicks	Key K656

THE KEYNOTERS:
Willie Smith (alt); "Lord Calvert" (Nat Cole) (p); Red Callender (bs); Jackie Mills (d) — Los Angeles — February 16, 1946

HL121	I can't believe that you're . . .	Mer MG26000
HL122-4	The way you look tonight	Key K629
HL123-2	Airiness a la Nat	Key K629
HL124	My old flame	Mer MG2600

BABE RUSSIN QUARTET:
Babe Russin (ten); Arnold Ross (p); Red Callender (bs); Jackie Mills (d) — Los Angeles — February 20, 1946

HL125-4	Like someone in love	Key K633
HL126-5	All the things you are	Key K633

Note: Above titles incorrectly listed under Arnold Ross's name in Jepsen.

MANNIE KLEIN AND HIS ORCHESTRA:
Mannie Klein (tpt); Babe Russin (ten); Skitch Henderson (p); George Van Eps (g); Artie Shapiro (bs); Jackie Mills (d) — Los Angeles — February 22, 1946

HL131-1	Bei mir bist du schoen	Key K631
HL132-2	At sundown	Key K631

BILL DARNELL (Key 665):
BABE RUSSIN QUARTET (Key 654):
Babe Russin (ten); Tommy Todd (p); Al Hendrickson (g); Jud deNaut (bs); Jackie Mills (d); Bill Darnell (vcl) — Los Angeles — March 8, 1946

KWC10-5	Let's fall in love vBD	Key K665
KWC11-3	Walkin' my baby back home vBD	Key K665
HL135	5054 Whitsett	Key K654
	Easy to love	EmA MG36023

HERBIE HAYMER'S ORCHESTRA:
Clyde Hurley (tpt); Heinie Beau (clt); Herbie Haymer (ten); Tommy Todd (p); Dave Barbour (g); Phil Stephens (bs); Nick Fatool (d) — Los Angeles — March 30, 1946

HL138	I saw stars	Key K640
HL139	Sweet and lovely	Key K640
HL140	China Boy	Key K655

CLYDE HURLEY AND HIS ORCHESTRA:
Clyde Hurley (tpt); Babe Russin (ten); Murray McEachern (alt); Tommy Todd (p); Dave Barbour (g); Artie Bernstein (bs); Nick Fatool (d) — Los Angeles — April 3, 1946

HL143-1	Out of nowhere	Key K633
HL144-3	On the trail	Key K633

ARNOLD ROSS QUARTET:
Benny Carter (alt); Arnold Ross (p); Allan Reuss (g); Artie Bernstein (bs); Nick Fatool (d) — Los Angeles — April, 1946

HL146	Stairway to the stars	Key K648
	Bye bye blues	Key K648
	The moon is low	Mer MG26029

Note: Mercury MG26029 contains one further title from this session (no details available) plus the three listed above.

JUAN TIZOL AND HIS ORCHESTRA:
Dick Cathcart (tpt); Juan Tizol (tbn); Willie Smith (alt, vcl); Babe Russin (ten); Arnold Ross (p); Irving Ashby (g); Ed Mihelich (bs); Nick Fatool (d) — Los Angeles — April 7, 1946

HL149	Keb-lah	Key K649
HL150	The sphinx	Key K649
HL151	Zanzibar	Key K635
HL152	You can't have your cake and eat it vWS	Key K635

MARIE BRYANT:
Marie Bryant (vcl); and the Midtowners (vcl group) acc. Peanuts Hucko (clt); Bernie Leighton (p); Hy White (g); Herman 'Trigger' Alpert (bs); James

C. Heard (d) — New York City — April 29, 1946

KRW6	Blue skies	Key K632
KRW7	Ice cream	Key K632

BERNIE LEIGHTON QUINTET:
As before but omit Marie Byrant and the Midtowners — same session

KRW8	Waiting for Leighton	Key K645

BILL HARRIS AND HIS NEW MUSIC:
Bill Harris (v-tbn); John LaPorta, Salvatore Delegge (clt); Ted Wheeler (f); Mickey Folus (bs-clt); George Barnes (g); Ted (Chubby) Jackson (bs) Barrett Deems (d) — New York City — May 6, 1946

HL157	Everything happens to me	Key K634
HL158	Frustration	Key K634

ANNE HATHAWAY WITH ELLIS LARKINS AND HIS ORCHESTRA:
Anne Hathaway (vcl) acc; Irving "Mouse" Randolph (tpt); Henderson Chambers (tbn); Ed Hall (clt); Ellis Larkins (p); Eugene Fields (g); Al Hall (bs); Jimmy Crawford (d) — New York City — June 20, 1946

KVH-1	Come rain or come shine	Key K641
KVH-4	Between the devil and the deep blue sea	Key K641

Note: Session supervised by John Hammond.

BERNIE LEIGHTON:
Bernie Leighton (p) acc. Hy White (g); Herman (Trigger) Alpert (bs); Dave Tough (d) — New York City — August 9, 1946

HL159	Beyond the moon	Key K643
HL160	Have you met Miss Jones?	Key K644
HL161	I see your face before me	Key K645
HL162	Moten swing	Key K644
HL163	Things are looking up	Key K643

JOE THOMAS AND HIS ORCHESTRA:
Joe Thomas (tpt); Tyree Glenn (tbn); Hilton Jefferson (alt); Jerry Jerome (ten); Bernie Leighton (p); Hy White (g); Billy Taylor (bs); Lee Abrams (d) — New York City — August 16, 1946

HL164	You can depend on me	Key K642
HL165	She didn't say yes	MeA MG36018
HL166	Black butterfly	Key K642
HL167	Pocatello	EmA MG36017

Note: Matrix numbers for HL165 and HL167 incorrectly shown in Jepsen.

GEORGE BARNES SEXTET:
Boyd Rolando (ten); Frank Rullo (vib); George Barnes (elec-g); Ernie (Earl) Backus (g); Mike Rubin (bs); Dick Balridge (d) — Chicago — September 20, 1946

HL168	Windy City flash	Key K653
HL169	Barnes at Dublins	Key K651
HL170	Laughing at life	Key K651
HL171	Blue Lou	Key K646

Chicago — September 23, 1946

HL172	Quiet, two Gibsons at work	Key K646
HL173	Pink elephants	Key K652
HL174	Lover come back to me	Key K652
HL175	What's the use?	Key K653

LENNIE TRISTANO TRIO:
Lennie Tristano (p); Billy Bauer (g); Clyde Lombardi (bs) — New York City — October 8, 1946

HL176	Out on a limb	Key K647
HL176-?	Out on a limb (alt.take)	Mer MG26029
HL177	I can't get started	Key K647
HL178	I surrender dear -1	Key K680
HL179	Ghost	unissued

-1 Don Schlitten (of Prestige) thinks that an alternative take may have been issued on microgroove but this remains to be substantiated.

DANNY HURD WITH THE DAVE TOUGH ORCHESTRA:
Louis Mucci (tpt); Bob Jenney (tbn); Bob Walters (clt, alt); Dave Matthews (ten); Danny Hurd (p); Barry Galbraith (g); Al Hall (bs); Dave Tough (d) — New York City — October 15, 1946

HL181	You stepped out of a dream	Key K650
HL183	Dreamy afternoon	Key K650
	Long ago and far away	unissued
	Available Jones	unissued

DAVE LAMBERT AND BUDDY STEWART WITH RED RODNEY'S BE-BOPPERS:
Dave Lambert, Buddy Stewart (vcl) acc. Red Rodney (tpt); Al Haig (p); Curley Russell(bs); Stan Levey (d) — New York City — November 23, 1946

HL184	A cent and a half	Key K668
HL185	Perdido	Key K657
HL186	Charge account	Key K668
HL187	Gussie "G"	Key K657

GENE SEDRIC ORCHESTRA:
Lincoln Mills (tpt); Gene Sedric (clt, ten, vcl); Freddie Jefferson (p); Al Casey (g); Danny Settle (bs); Slick Jones (d) — New York City — December 11, 1946

HL189	T-I-L-L-I-E	Key K661
HL190	I can't give you anything but love	Key K661
	Teasin'	EmA MG36023
	Moon mist	unissued

NEAL HEFTI AND HIS ORCHESTRA:
Neal Hefti (tpt); Kai Winding (tbn); Charlie Ventura (ten); Tony Aless (p); Billy Bauer (g); Chubby Jackson (bs); Alvin Stoller (d) — New York City — c. January, 1947/December, 1946

HL194	I woke up Dizzy	Key K669
HL195	Sloppy Joe	Key K669

RED RODNEY'S BE-BOPPERS:
Red Rodney (tpt); Allen Eager (ten); Serge Chaloff (bar); Al Haig (p); Chubby Jackson (bs); Tiny Kahn (d) — New York City — January 29, 1947

HL196	All God's chillun got rhythm	EmA MG36016
HL197	Elevation	Key K670
HL198	Fine and dandy	Key K670
HL199	The goof and I	EmA MG36016

LENNIE TRISTANO TRIO:
Lennie Tristano (p); Billy Bauer (g); Bob Leininger (bs) — New York City — May 23, 1947

KH200	Blue boy	Key K681
KH201	Atonement	Key K681
KH202	Coolin' off with Ulanov —1	Key K680
KH203	Interlude -2	Mer MG26029

-1 Don Schlitten (of Prestige) thinks that an alternative take may have been issued on microgroove but this remains to be substantiated. -2 issued on Mer(E) SMWL21028 as "Night in Tunisia (Ghost)".

APPENDIX:
Note 1: Jim Hayes thinks that the following may have been recorded for Keynote but remains unissued:

JONAH JONES AND HIS ORCHESTRA:
Jonah Jones (tpt) remainder unknown. c. 1945/1946
"B.H. Boogie/Exactly like you"

Note 2: In the sleeve note to Prestige LP7045 "Earl Coleman Returns" Coleman is quoted as saying that in 1945, after singing with a band out of Little Rock, he met and joined Jay McShann and went to California with the band. There he saw Billy Eckstine and did his first record date for Keynote. The personnel for the records, which were never released, included Gene Ammons, Miles Davis and Art Blakey, then of the Eckstine band. It is possible that Coleman's memory is slightly at fault and that the session was not actually for Keynote. Masters of the recordings have now come to light and have been purchased from Eddie Laguna, who supervised the date. Coleman sings on two titles while Anne Hathaway sings on two further titles. It is possible that Laguna supervised the session for Keynote.

Note 3: I should like to add a credit to Don Schlitten of Prestige who supplied a tape enabling me to confirm that two different takes of Lennie Tristano's "Out on a limb" were issued. A.M.

(13) C.B.S. Deletions

C.B.S. ARE deleting a considerable number of jazz LPs at the end of October. As these include such important items as the Charlie Parker Memorial set, the only currently available item in the Buck Clayton Jam Session series, and the two Fats Navarro Memorial LPs, we are listing LP titles and release numbers so that readers requiring any might order them prior to the deletion date.

Realm 52000 Series

52078	Buck Clayton/A Buck Clayton Jam Session
52116	Erroll Garner/All of me
52120/1/2/3/ 52131/52214	Charlie Parker/Charlie Parker Memorial, Vols. 1—6
52150	Charlie Byrd/Blues for Night People
52157	John Coltrane/John Coltrane on West 42nd Street
52165	Sonny Terry/Back Country Blues
52190	Charlie Byrd/Prelude
52191	Dexter Gordon/Dexter Rides Again
52192/52208	Fats Navarro/Fats Navarro Memorial, Vols. 1—2
52207/52229	Joe Turner/Joe Turner Sings The Blues, Vols. 1—2
52209	Brownie McGhee, Frank Edwards, etc./Livin' With The Blues
52389	Ike Quebec, Illinois Jacquet, Ben Webster/ Angry Tenors
52422	Archie Shepp New York Contemporary Five/ Bill Dixon 7-Tette
52566	Bud Powell/A Portrait of Monk
52586	Ray Russell/Turn Circle

CBS 62000 Series

62604	Son House/Father of The Folk Blues
62619	Woody Herman/Woody's Winners
62757	Dave Brubeck Quartet/Time In
62678	John Handy/Recorded Live at the Monterey Jazz Festival
63098	Dave Brubeck/Bravo! Brubeck
63248	Miles Davis/Nefertiti
63356	Don Ellis/Shock Treatment
63387	John Handy/Projections
66203	Ornette Coleman/Chappaqua Suite (2 LP set)

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